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DETROIT.

THE ONLY WAY IN IRELAND

The Nation

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE two Emperors of the Central Powers met this week at the German General Headquarters, accompanied not only by their Foreign Ministers, but also by the army chiefs. The official announcements from both sides state that the chief subject of discussion was the renewal of their Treaty of Alliance. This, according to both versions, is to be "deepened and extended." The Austrian version is pathetically apologetic. The Alliance, it declares, was always defensive, and "this fits in well with a League of Nations," which is meant to be "a protection against future wars." This Dual Alliance has no other aim in view but that of protection against future wars. *Si vis pacem para bellum*. Krupp's might also claim on the same reasoning that its forges "fit in well" with the League of Nations. This unhappy Empire goes to the embrace of her ally, protesting and signalling to the rest of us that she desires and deserves a better fate. But our rulers willed it so.

How far the "deepening and extension" of the Alliance may have gone we do not know. The clever but undesirable Vienna correspondent of the "Frankfurter Zeitung" says that it will be expanded into a "pragmatic" alliance (whatever that may mean), a military union and a customs union. The idea, in short, on the German side is to complete "Mitteleuropa," while Austria is isolated and helpless. She is probably still capable, however, of some degree of passive and dilatory resistance. But if the war drags on for some years yet, we shall probably be confronted by the formation of a solid Central European block, including the Russian Borderland. It will not be all the creation of mere force, for it everywhere rallies to itself the propertied and anti-revolutionary elements. The best service we can do to Berlin is to allow it time amid the isolation of war to make "Central Europe." The furnace which is fusing these many races and kingdoms will cool below melting point on the day that peace negotiations begin.

A FURTHER article from the "Manchester Guardian's" Paris correspondent supplies much valuable

matter confirming his previous disclosures as to the Austrian Peace offer of 1917. Hitherto he has chiefly quoted from the French Socialist Press, but he is now evidently himself in close touch with members of the French Committee for Foreign Affairs, and is using their direct accounts of these documents. The documents, by the way, even as the Committee itself received them, were incomplete. It appears that M. Poincaré's dealings with the Emperor were indirect, through the medium of Prince Sixtus. The document which defines the French demands is a letter from M. Poincaré to M. Ribot recording his conversations with Prince Sixtus. In this he declares

"That it is not a question for us of the Alsace-Lorraine of 1871; what France asks for is the Alsace-Lorraine of 1814 and 1790, with the valley of the Saar; restitutions, reparations, and indemnities and guarantees on the left bank of the Rhine."

France, in short, is said here to have demanded the coal as well as the iron, indemnities as well as annexations, and cast a protective glance also at Cologne. These demands M. Poincaré made without consulting even M. Ribot, who then combined the offices of Premier and Foreign Secretary. Baron Sonnino never saw the letters until July. Mr. George's view, originally favorable to negotiations on the Emperor's basis, weakened when he came to Paris and met MM. Poincaré and Ribot, so that he acquiesced, though still with reluctance, when Baron Sonnino opposed any dealings with Austria. The "Manchester Guardian's" correspondent adds that the resolutions of the Foreign Affairs Committee, declaring that the Austrian tender could not be the basis of an acceptable peace, was only carried by 13 votes to 5, the great majority of the Committee (it has 44 members) abstaining or being absent.

PRINCE SIXTUS, after two visits to England, reported to the Emperor from Switzerland, apparently in an optimistic tone. There came, in reply, the Emperor's second letter, in which he insisted that the territorial demands of France must be confined to Alsace. Apparently, and this for the first time emerges clearly, he hoped to be able to induce Germany to accept "reasonable terms," but in the contrary event, he would himself accept them, and would be followed by the whole valley of the Danube. In other words, he wanted a general peace, and wanted it so ardently that he was ready to threaten the secession of Austria and Bulgaria in order to bring Germany to terms. Are we then to understand that France (i.e., MM. Poincaré and Ribot) broke off the negotiations because the Emperor would not support their demand for the annexation of the Saar Valley and for the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine? That is the inference: their intransigence coincided with Baron Sonnino's equally firm adherence to his Secret Treaty. It remains to add that Prince Sixtus gave a clear warning when he exacted that the Emperor's letter should be kept secret. Any revelation "might put the Emperor's life in danger, and would certainly put Austria more than ever under the domination of Germany." That is precisely what M. Clemenceau has attained by publishing it.

ON Thursday Mr. Runciman, in an interrogatory speech, at last drew an important statement from Mr. Balfour. The Foreign Secretary admitted that the Emperor's letter was communicated, under a pledge of secrecy, to the King and the Prime Minister, without permission to show it to the Cabinet. Personally, he never heard of the transaction when he was in America, nor, in consequence, had President Wilson. He denied that the question of a "bigger Alsace-Lorraine" was a war-aim of the Allies. Nor was it "a fixed and solid part" of French policy. If not, why was it asked for as the answer to the Austrian offer? The object of the *démarche* was to "divide the Allies." Again, why? It was clear that Austria wanted peace. And what was the point of division, and who raised it? It appears that no effort was made to explore it, and America, we know, was in the dark. Mr. Balfour added generally that if the Government saw a way of bringing the war to an honorable end, it would be accepted. That is the old story. We are very peaceful, but we reject each peace offer.

THE Government have taken another step in the militarising of Irish Government. Field-Marshal French, a kindly soldier, is turned into a kind of Governor of Warsaw, while the Irish Secretary is to be marooned in Westminster as an answerer of questions, accountable to the House for a policy with whose origin and working in Ireland he will have nothing to do. We do not know whether Mr. Shortt accepts this view of his political talents, but it turns the government of Ireland into almost unadulterated militarism. In the past the Chief Secretary has been a great official, the director and defender of high policy, and therefore fitly represented by such men as Forster, Trevelyan, Balfour, Morley, Hicks-Beach. Now he is Macphersonized. The once ornamental Lord Lieutenant becomes at once a soldier and the acting statesman. There could not be a more disastrous change.

MEANWHILE, a fresh check has been administered to the policy of conscription. The able and thoroughly representative Council of Agriculture, which includes farmers and landlords, Unionists and Nationalists, has passed by sixty-six votes to ten, a resolution condemning the resort to conscription on the ground of its fatal damage to the scheme of food production, under which in all a million and a half new acres are to be put under tillage. The ten hostile votes were given to a very mild amendment, asking the Government to have regard to agricultural interests. The Chairman, Sir Thomas Russell, who is, of course, a member of the Government, obviously summed up against conscription, declaring, according to the "Manchester Guardian's" report, that under it agricultural Ireland would be in a state of gravity and danger. Sir Thomas Russell's protest against conscription, therefore, must be added to those of the ex-Lord Lieutenant, ex-Irish Secretary, ex-Attorney-General, ex-Commander of the Forces, and (we believe) the head of the Constabulary. Can any Irish official be quoted in favor of this insanity?

MR. BARNES, who calls himself a Home Ruler, and Mr. Chamberlain, who is an unrepentant Unionist, have been put up to suggest the Federal Bill which Mr. George commended to the Convention and which the Convention did not adopt. Nothing more is heard of it; and Whitsuntide passes without its being introduced. But its meaning is clear. It is not Home Rule at all. It repeals Home Rule and sets up Chamberlainite Unionism in its stead. It will obviously not concede Customs and Excise, and Liberal Scotchmen and Welshmen, who simply want a good scheme of Local Government, must not for a moment confuse such notions with Gladstone's policy of recognizing the special National claim of Ireland. As Ireland has advanced from Gladstonian Home Rule to Dominion Home Rule, the Government's step back from Gladstonianism to Chamberlainism merely records its hopeless attitude to Irish politics. As for Mr. Barnes,

his business is not to help the Government to betray liberty, but to stop them doing it.

THE debate on General Maurice's letter has had an ominous sequel. The Prime Minister refused Mr. Asquith's request for an examination of the facts, and offered instead a mere speech for the prosecution, containing incidentally more than one admission of General Maurice's accuracy. A party vote closed the discussion. General Maurice, put on half pay, and with no access to official documents and no right to use them, was therefore judged without being heard. He then wrote to the "Daily Chronicle" a temperate and admirably worded defence of his action, so far as the point of honor was concerned. Mr. George, reviewing General Maurice's truthful denial of Mr. Bonar Law's suggestion that the Versailles Conference had never "dealt" with the extension of the British front in France, suggested that he was in the "building" when the matter was raised, but not in the Council Chamber. General Maurice's reply in the "Chronicle" was that (a) he was in a corridor outside the Council Chamber during the meetings, *including that which discussed the taking over of the line*, and was engaged on work in connection with them; and (b) that *all the reports and agenda of the meetings passed through his hands*.

WILL it be believed that the Censor refused to pass the statements we have italicised? We have no doubt on the point, for we have the original proof of the article before us. There was obviously no harm in them. They conveyed no information of value to anybody but the British public. They merely affirmed General Maurice's truthfulness, and his authority for saying what he said. Sir George Cave said on Thursday that General Maurice referred to a secret document. He did nothing of the kind. He merely made a *general* reference to the reports of the Council, and to his having seen them. A British General is therefore muzzled when on his defence by the Government which has censured and punished him. We hope that Parliament will have its full say on this purely political use of the Censorship.

THE Navy has now rounded off its attacks upon the Ostend and Zeebrugge bases by sinking the "Vindictive" between the two piers at the entrance to Ostend harbor. The operation was carried out in the early hours of Friday morning, May 10th, and the tactics were as skilful as those adopted for the main attack, on April 23rd. But whereas on the earlier occasion the assailants had the advantage of striking where they were certainly not expected, the second attack fell upon an enemy who was looking for a second attempt. To meet this disadvantage the naval men determined to postpone the bombardment until the critical part of the operation was well developed. The Germans, however, began to fire when the Armada was still two miles off, and the "Vindictive" came under fire for about an hour. The artificial fog was followed by a real sea mist, and the old cruiser spent many precious minutes searching for the harbor mouth. She was assisted by the small motor craft, which guided her to the best of their ability, placing calcium flares to do the service of buoys, and at length, finding herself close to the pier, she steamed in and was sunk. The harbor mouth is not completely blocked, since the steering-gear went wrong at the last moment, and the "Vindictive" lies aslant across the fairway. But for all but the smallest craft, and even for these normally, Ostend has ceased to be a harbor, and the Navy is to be congratulated on its splendid success.

GENERAL MARSHALL is beginning to attract attention to Mesopotamia. It is but recently that he began to advance his right and weaker flank, and already he has placed his advance guard within seventy miles of Mosul. On Saturday, May 11th, the Turkish rearguard, which had

been driven from Kirkuk, was encountered at the crossings of the Little Zab, at Altun Keupri, and was driven northwards from the right bank of the river towards Ertil on the road to Mosul. It seems for once as if we were on the alert in the East, and anticipating a possible attack through Persia, either on our flank or towards India, or both, by blocking the only feasible way of advance. The capture of Mosul would be merely an episode in such an operation, since we should require to hold a line stretching to the Caspian; but the meaning of so good a base for an offensive-defensive in this direction is obvious, and it would be sound policy to defend India against any possible attack in this way. General Marshall may have no such ambitious scheme in view, but his advance towards Mosul is already creating an interesting situation on the Tigris, and we can hardly think he has gone thus far without intending to press still farther.

* * *

THE operations in the main theatre of war are still in a state of suspended animation. There have been local operations near Kemmel and in the Amiens sector which in any other war would have ranked as fierce battles. To-day they are no more than raids, which are meant to confuse and distract at the same time that they provide information. A clever local operation by the Italians in Italy is similarly worth little more than mention in view of the gigantic operations which are shaping. The war is constantly outgrowing its standards, and it seems certain that the next attack will involve Italy, and the whole of the Western Front, from the North Sea to the Adriatic, will be aflame. In the present disposition of forces on the Western Front there is nothing to suggest that there will be any change in the main direction of thrust. From below Ypres to La Bassée, and in the salient which looks towards Amiens, the German forces are at least three times as dense as elsewhere, and hence strategical surprise seems to be ruled out. Only in Italy are we ignorant of the comparative density in the various sectors. The Western Front of the Trentino offers the greatest attractions to a soldier of Ludendorff's temperament, and it is probably there that the blow will fall.

* * *

It may not exactly coincide with the attack in France, though the campaigning season is now here. The Germans may elect to strike when they have already produced a critical tension in the lines in France. But the attack cannot be far off, though the very success of the March battle has thrown its greatest strain on the German machine. Before the first battle the engineers had been months at work on the roads, and the ammunition was patiently accumulated as near the front as possible. The concentration of men was made with the greatest secrecy, and for the last seven nights before the attack the German troops were brought up by forced marches. This preparation is probably now going on, and in a short time we shall see the result. We face the second act of this great German gamble in lives with much better dispositions as regards the location and command of troops, but with much less manœuvring ground in front of important centres. Ypres may have to be written off as lost, though it may not be evacuated for some time. But the deciding factor will be reserves, and there is ample evidence that the Germans lost far more heavily and gained much less than they expected. There is reason to hope that the new attack will be a greater disappointment still.

* * *

THE last hope for Proportional Representation in this Reform Act vanished on Tuesday. The experimental scheme, devised as a compromise between Lords and Commons, came before the Commons for approval, and in a very small House sustained a decisive defeat (166 to 110). The proposal was to try "P.R." in a selected number of towns and counties, returning ninety-nine members. The places were well chosen, and, as it turns out, the votes of the sitting members for these divisions

actually show a majority for the scheme. Mr. Fisher spoke well for P.R., and so with much brilliance did Sir Mark Sykes. Mr. Asquith, while expressing no decided conviction, blessed the experiment, which, as he cautiously put it, might be abandoned after the first trial if it worked ill. The House, however, would have none of it, and, indeed, most sitting members have a vested interest in the system which returned them. A House of defeated candidates would be more friendly to electoral innovations. The division lists showed, as usual, a fairly even division in all parties, a small majority for P.R. among Liberals, a small majority against it among Unionists and, strange to say, among the Labor members. Yet no party would more certainly gain than Labor. The vote was "free," but the chief Conservative organiser "whipped" against "P.R." The loss of the alternative vote is for the more advanced parties the more serious disaster, for the return of a large number of Conservatives by minority votes in triangular contests is now inevitable.

* * *

BOTH groups of belligerents appear to be preparing actively for the economic "war after war." It is probable that some preliminary agreement was reached at the Emperor's meeting between Germany and Austria on fiscal policy, which may even point to a Customs Union. On our side, Mr. Bonar Law told Sir Edward Carson at question-time on Monday that our Government is about to follow France in denouncing "all commercial conventions containing a general clause regarding most-favored nations." The object, he asserted, was to leave our hands free when peace arrives, with special regard to raw materials. This action, which is apparently to be taken without any consultation with the House or the country, undermines and is intended to undermine, the whole structure of Free Trade. While it leaves us free to discriminate, if we so choose, between allies, enemies, and neutrals, it also deprives us of the assurance that our own trade will continue to enjoy "most-favored" treatment the world over. The reference to raw materials is peculiarly ominous. It covers the once popular policy of Mr. Hughes for the establishment of an Allied monopoly of raw materials, with a view to the restriction of German industries after "peace," and the creation in some materials of a British monopoly. We cannot think that Mr. Wilson will have a part in such a policy, and it is the negation of any conceivable League of Nations. In this matter we seem to be blindly following France, the most Protectionist of modern industrial States.

* * *

WE are likely to follow France also in a matter where her leading makes a better model. She has concluded an agreement with Germany for the exchange, man for man, of about 330,000 prisoners of war, military and civilian. This was due apparently solely on her own initiative and without consultation with her Allies. However that may be, it is a good precedent to follow, and we are glad that Lord Newton was able to tell the House of Lords that the Government will now consider the whole question *de novo*. The only objection, so far as we are aware, to an exchange of equal numbers of nominally fit men, is that those whom we send back are likely, after kindly treatment, to be much more useful to Germany than those we receive will be to us, until they have recovered from their experiences. That very harsh calculation cannot stand for a moment, for it is precisely because many of our men in Germany have, to her eternal shame, been shamefully treated (Mr. Justice Younger's dispassionate report makes this clear), and cannot be well fed, that we are anxious to release them. Lord Newton, who has himself done his personal best to further the policy of exchange, warned us that the process is likely to be a slow one. That is a reason for hastening the process of reconsideration. There ought to be no difficulty in adopting the Franco-German Convention substantially as it stands. The War Office has hitherto been deaf to the cry of our suffering men. Let us hope that their release is near.

Politics and Affairs.

THE ONLY WAY IN IRELAND.

THE Prime Minister is rapidly completing his arrangements for the unsettlement of Ireland. Against the advice of every Irishman able to speak for her (including, it appears, his existing representative of agriculture), he has passed an edict for conscripting her youth. Without one word of Irish approval, North or South, he is devising a totally new kind of government for her and for us. He has sent her a soldier to act as the viceroy of the Crown, the first since the rebellion of '98. To balance Lord French's militarism, he has provided the somewhat nebulous civism of Mr. Shortt. He has lost the services of the Lord Lieutenant, the Irish Secretary, the Irish Attorney-General, and the Irish Commander-in-Chief, every one of whom was opposed to his policy. He has created a Convention to frame a constitution, has destroyed its work in a week, and been informed by its Chairman, the Grand Conciliator of Ireland, that his method is madness, and that it is impossible to combine a proposal for the self-government of Ireland with an act which denies her the first right of nationality. He has united the North against one set of his proposals, and the South against the other. He has therefore suspended the one, and sent out a kite or two to impart a plausible direction to the second. In a single month he has estranged England and Ireland more completely than at any time since the early violence of the agrarian rising. He has discarded the Liberal policy and the Conservative policy together, and devised Home Rule to cancel conscription, and conscription to annul Home Rule. He has set all Ireland seething with anger and fear, and given the greatest propagandist race in the world the power to take up its tale against us in every corner of our dominions. He has given us a new war front on the Liffey, and drawn to it the troops that we can ill spare from the Aisne and the Somme. He has snatched our answer to Germany out of our mouth, and put into hers the rejoinder to her violation of Belgium. All these masterly feats in disorganization he prolongs for week after week, as if Ireland were an eminently desirable theatre for them.

Now there is one force in politics which can mitigate or even arrest the impending calamity in Ireland, if only it is exerted in time, and that is the united protest of Liberalism and Labor. The field is open for their entrance to it. There is no drive towards Irish conscription. Ulster has not raised a finger for it. The Irish Unionist Press is cold to the point of disapproval, and Sir Edward Carson, the most powerful of the Ministerial Irishmen, has taken to the hillside as an obvious means of escaping from it and Home Rule on the federal or any other plan. The disservice to the war is so gross, the diversion of physical strength so serious, and the loss of moral force so palpable, even to the most material thinker, that Conservative statesmanship can only look askance at Mr. George's perversity. But the offence to Labor and Liberalism is to its soul no less than to its preservative and patriotic instinct. Liberalism could not live and see the Gladstonian flag torn to tatters before its eyes. It has declared Ireland to be a nation. That admission is final. One nation cannot, by the standing creed of Labor and Liberalism, and in its application to Germany's crime in Belgium, dominate and violate another. If either of these parties admits that heresy into its bosom, it destroys itself. For our part, we could

never understand how any man calling himself a representative of Labor, or a Socialist, could for a moment remain a member of a Government imposing conscription on an unwilling and passionately resisting Ireland. Conscription for a consenting or an unresisting England was deemed to be a necessary invasion of the fast shrinking domain of pure Liberalism. But conscription against the entire English or Scottish or Welsh mind and will is a thing that no Liberal or democrat can dream of. How then sanction or permit it for Ireland without throwing overboard the whole Liberal doctrine of equality in national rights? A Tory doctrinaire could just stomach it. But it is poison to the Democrat, the Liberal, the Radical, the Socialist. Irish conscription should never have been passed through Parliament; but it is not yet in operation, and in pausing the Government have almost asked for a revised verdict. Compromise, indeed, is not possible. Home Rule is for a Home Rule atmosphere; the Irish eyes are on the threat to their manhood, and if Mr. George's semi-Parliament on College Green ever came into being, its first vote would be given for "No Conscription." There is always a case for what is loosely called federalism. But it has never been seriously discussed here, and has been out of the perspective of Irish Nationalism since the far-off days of Thomas Davis. Parnell played with it for an hour, but his vision was of an Ireland federated with the Empire, not with Great Britain. The Irish Convention never adopted federalism; it was Mr. George who presented it with that solution. It looks to Ireland both a very small idea, and an essentially foreign one. But it is the spirit even more than the letter of our Irish statesmanship which is at fault. It is too late to introduce a patch of Federalism into the torn garment of Irish society. It is only never too late to be just; in the Irish case, generosity, trust, magnanimity—the greater gestures of statesmanship—have only failed because there has been so little of them, and they have been recalled so soon.

Then let us make bold experiment in them. Having tried everything in Ireland that we call strong government when we apply the term to ourselves and Prussianism when we associate it with our enemies, let us see what trusting her will do. Let us recall our soldiers, and replace them by the ambassadors of an Anglo-Irish peace. Let us restate our cause and leave it to her, and to a Parliament fully vested with the right to refuse conscription with Australia or to accept it with Canada. We believe that Ireland would then give what she could spare. It might not be a great material contribution, for Ireland loses men with every year of her life, and her best land starves for the want of them. The Irish population, says Mrs. Green,* "by nature extremely robust, is enfeebled beyond measure by poor living and disease, by a high death-rate and a lamentable birth-rate, by late marriages, by every evidence of insecure national existence. The Irish contribution to England, measured by taxable capacity, was reckoned in 1895 at 1-16th, and what Great Britain can afford; economists now estimate it at 1-32nd." This is the short abstract of Irish history under British rule. It is not surprising, therefore, that Irishmen should watch with jealous eyes every fresh slackening in the thin current of their people's life, that they should say, "We, not you, must judge what we can spare of our precious blood." But when were Irishmen ungenerous? The hour of Ireland's full nationhood is the hour of her true union with Britain, and the gift of

* "Loyalty and Disloyalty: What it means in Ireland." By Alice Stopford Green. (Maunsell & Co.)

herself brings us a richer Imperial dowry than many army corps. We can have for the giving, as we shall lose for the withholding. But we must choose and choose quickly, not in fear, but in the spirit of men who believe, not without evidence, that they hold the key to the right government of the Empire.

HOW TO COUNTER "MITTELEUROPA."

ONE might suppose from most of the commentaries in our Press that the tightening of the fetters which bind Austria to Germany were for us a cause of satisfaction. Whatever else the meeting of the two Emperors and their leading subjects may mean, it marks at least an attempt, which Austria cannot openly resist, to extend and deepen the Alliance. Last summer the tie between them, frayed by three years of war, was at its loosest. The Emperor Charles was seeking peace with the Entente, and though we believe that it was at a general peace that he aimed at, he proposed terms which must have wounded the military pride of his ally to the quick, and was prepared to enforce those terms by methods which must have ruptured that alliance for the future. The light-minded rejection of these overtures was an error which even M. Poincaré and Baron Sonnino may regret to-day, as Mr. Lloyd George regretted it at the time. More wanton still was the publication, in defiance of an explicit pledge, by M. Clemenceau of the Emperor's letter. That revelation left the Emperor isolated. The Entente would not give him the peace he craved. It next exposed him, hopelessly embedded in the slough of the war, to the wrath of his ally. The result is apparent to-day. Austria cannot stand alone, and M. Clemenceau by a violent push has flung her, reluctant and desperate, into the Kaiser's arms. Since Russia was virtually driven out of our alliance, its statesmanship has committed no error comparable to this.

How far the surrender of Austrian independence will go we can only speculate as yet. We tell the momentous story in detail elsewhere, and its moral is beginning to appear. The moment has come, we imagine, for completing the ambitious structure of "Mitteleuropa." What was an ordinary military alliance may now become what the "Frankfurter Zeitung" calls a "military union," a phrase which means, we imagine, the adoption of a uniform army system from Schleswig to Dalmatia, and the recognition of the supremacy of the German General Staff. What was the loosest of economic bonds, with fairly high tariff walls on the frontiers, may now be evolved into what even Naumann thought too much for immediate realization—a Customs Union. With the inevitable subordination of the weaker ally's foreign policy to that of the stronger partner, these two measures would mean for all external purposes the practical fusion of Austria-Hungary in the German Empire. That is the maximum at which Berlin may aim. It may be realized if the war drags on, for a bankrupt, starving, and faction-ridden Austria must lean on some stronger Power if she is to survive. It will not be realized, however, with the willing assent of Vienna. There will be passive resistance and there will be delays. There will be hard bargaining even in *extremis*. The present Austrian Reichsrat, as the "Frankfurter Zeitung" points out, will not yield the necessary majority for treaties based on these principles. The Emperor, who has proclaimed "democracy" his ideal, will be in no hurry to revert to unconstitutional expedients, nor yet to create a German majority by rearranging his dominions. The dream of "Central Europe" is not yet a reality, even if it be true

that the Emperors are agreed "in principle." There is still time to prevent the absorption of Austria, by moving in the direction of peace.

"What!" it will be said. "Would you conclude peace in order to save Austria, at a moment when she is visibly collapsing? Would you rescue the 'ramshackle monarchy,' when her disintegration must manifestly prepare the triumph of the Allies? That is a paradox too hard for us." We agree that the plight of Austria is dangerous, and even desperate. But what is at stake? The thing which will disappear and "collapse" is what remains of Austria's independence as against Germany. Collapse means in this contest that she will become the helpless satellite of her ally, a bigger Ukraine, an unhappier Courland. That is not the kind of collapse which would serve our ends. A collapse which would mean that the army of the Piave might walk unopposed to Vienna, while the Serbs marched back to Belgrade, if not to Budapest, is not in the programme which present events unfold. The Germans and Magyars are still about one-half of the Dual Monarchy's army, and with Russia eliminated, they suffice for defence. Starving Slavs will still make munitions and dig trenches, for they must have bread. The collapse which has occurred is merely that Vienna is now so far the captive of Berlin that it dare take no unwelcome step towards peace. We believe a part, but only a part, of the news which comes indirectly, of riots in the Slav lands, and crises in Parliamentary circles. We believe that the many peoples of Austria are angrier, unhappier, and more desperate than they have ever been since 1848. The feuds and egoisms of these races are so acute that neither the Emperor nor von Seidler can safely take any constructive step towards reform or federalism. It is possible that neither the Polish nor the Czech nor the South Slav national questions, nor even the Hungarian franchise question may be nearer a solution a year hence than they are to-day. Projects are printed in the Press and compromises discussed: that is nothing new. From all this only a novice would argue the approaching "break-up" of Austria. We remember worse riots, a fiercer bear-garden in the Reichsrat, and far sharper tension between Vienna and Budapest. The unrest and discord are normal, and the new element is merely that the present Emperor, unlike the lethargic patriarch whom he succeeded, is really striving for reconciliation and appeasement. He will probably fail if the war goes on much longer; an evil solution may be imposed on him if he has to subject himself to Berlin. We see nothing to rejoice over in either alternative, but rather the promise of an unhappy Europe after peace. We have ourselves compared the plight of Austria this year to that of Russia last year. Both are "worn out," and in both war means for the masses a depth of misery that might stir the pity even of a hardened enemy. But there are two differences in these cases. Austria is dominated by an ally who can organize and strike. In Austria, moreover, the racial cleavage forbids anything like the Russian revolution. If Czechs and South Slavs were less absorbed in their purely racial claims, they might make common cause with the German and Magyar Socialists. That will not happen, and because it cannot happen, there can be no general revolt. We see no profit for the Entente in this welter of misery, but we see much probable profit for Germany.

There is just one place where Austria might recover her freedom. That place is a Peace Congress. She is fettered only because she must lean on Germany so long as the Allies refuse her peace. If, however, we chose to say to her, "On certain conditions the blockade is lifted, and grain ships shall enter Trieste; on certain conditions bankruptcy is staved off," is it certain that she would still play the miserable "second" to Berlin? We have to remember, however, that Berlin will fling her part of the spoils, some at any rate of Poland. We cannot counter that offer by demanding the surrender of her Adriatic ports. The bad joke of offering her German Silesia will hardly be repeated. As we read the mind of the Emperor and his circle, their aim is not aggrandize-

ment, but peace and liberation. The bribe that would enlist them in our camp at the settlement would be a League of Nations peace with disarmament, an economic opportunity, the denial of which to the Central Powers constitutes unquestionably a German motive for pressing the Central-Europe idea. It is going too far into the slime of cynicism to imagine that war-weary Austria is going to join in despoiling her ally. What she wants is to be free from his domination. If we wait too long (and already we have let the golden moment slip) she may come bettered to the round table. So long as the charter of "Central Europe" is still unsigned, Austria is a free agent. Nothing is really settled yet. Poland is not partitioned. Even Courland is not absorbed. Finland and Lithuania have not yet "chosen" German princelings. Bulgaria has not received her loot. Over the last monstrous excesses of the military in Ukraina the Reichstag is still protesting almost manfully. Above all, the Customs Union and the military fusion of Austria-Germany are only a project suggested by one Court to the other. We have against all this the unbroken and unbreakable ring fence of our economic boycott. "Make your Customs Union, your military fusion, your partition of the Russian Borderland, and the world is closed to you. Come into an international settlement and the world is open to you." That we can still say to-day. It may be too late to say it if, while the war drags on, Austria is forced into definite and final compacts.

The real struggle for the liberty of the East will come after peace. It is an enthusiastic delusion to imagine that it can be won in Palestine and Mesopotamia. The endangered roads to the East lie now far to the north of these once critical points. There is no hope for the liberty of the East until Russia is internally restored. We cannot do that by trying to lure or persuade or force Russia once more into the war. If we came near success in that design, the Germans would forestall us by a short rush to Petrograd, if not to Moscow. There can be no restoration of Russia until her railways are working normally, and her towns can be fed. We shall be able to help effectively only when her ports are open, that means on the day that a general peace is declared. On that day also a bankrupt Turkey will turn to us, and it will lie with us to bargain help against reform. No victory in Flanders, however decisive, would alter the fact that Russia is non-existent as a Power. She will not begin to live again until foreign aid can reach her. The military events of the East cannot be reversed by arms. Only a slow and intelligent and sympathetic application of economic resources can redress the balance after the peace. Those who calculate at all bid us wait two, three, or four years until the American armies can decide the war by victory in the West. They forget to reckon on the political evolution which must go on during the interval. Those years will be used to make a solid "Mitteleuropa," which might not dissolve even though our armies reached the Rhine.

THE RIDDLE OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

THE Vienna correspondent of the "Frankfurter Zeitung" is a person of no good repute. In the old intriguing days before the outbreak of the war, he was commonly supposed to be one of von Tschirschky's unofficial instruments, an adept at bringing the shady financial and commercial powers of the Austrian capital to heel, and making them amenable to the Ambassador's plans. Like his deceased master, however, he is an able man, and at all times unlikely to draw a bow at a venture. Whether he tells the truth or misrepresents the facts in his messages, he acts with deliberate purpose. In policy, he has always been the unconcealed champion of the extremest German-Austrian Chauvinists; he has voiced the sentiments of German-Austrian Radicals like Wolf and Iro at a time when their own utterances were under the ban of the Austrian censor, and, in consequence, he has always appeared to be a bellicose stranger in the discreetly Liberal pages of the Frankfurt organ. The appearance has been deceptive, it is true; for what

is moderate in Germany has in Austria a pan-German ring, and the man who in the parvenu Empire could safely profess himself a Liberal is by force of circumstances and absence of genuine principle almost bound to be a champion of German supremacy in the Dual Monarchy.

For these reasons, it is not quite clear what importance should be attached to the strange message which he sent to his paper on the occasion of the meeting between the Emperor Carl and the Kaiser at German headquarters on May 12th. In it he said that the conferences gained increased importance from negotiations now pending, which would decide the future relations between the German Empire and Austria-Hungary. These negotiations, he wrote, might be characterised as concerning a pragmatic alliance, a military union, and a customs union.

"The great Austrian question of the day is whether the continued existence of a separate Austrian State is possible, which the South Slavs and now also the German provinces deny. One party desires the State to consist of a number of small sovereign States each having its own foreign policy, the other party demands a return to the German Federation, which would render the centrifugal efforts of the smaller nations harmless. The outcome of this condition of chaos is still uncertain."

The "pragmatic alliance, military union and customs union" which the correspondent asserts to be the subject of the negotiations now in progress is, of course, nothing less than the outward and visible sign of "the return to the German Federation," which, according to him, one of two great parties in Austria demands. Constitutional sanction of such an alliance, he points out, requires a two-thirds majority in the Reichsrat, and this, he admits, is doubtful.

Taken with all possible reserve, the message is sensational. One must admit that the news from Austria has suddenly become extremely scanty, and that all the previous information pointed directly to the imminence of the supreme crisis of the Dual Monarchy. But if this latest news is even approximately true, the event has incredibly outrun the prediction. The correspondent asserts that there are now but two parties in Austria, one which demands "a return to the German Federation," with the non-German nationalities under the military domination of the restored federation, the other demanding the erection of a number of small and completely independent States. The innuendo, at least, is clear. There is, he implies, nobody in Austria who advocates the retention of the Habsburg dynasty. For what place could there be for the dynasty in either of these alternative policies? At most, the reigning Habsburg could be the sovereign of a German-Austrian State within the German Empire. But even this refuge is apparently denied him—even if it were conceivable that the Habsburg pride could admit of its acceptance—for the recent reorganization of the Austrian food-supply has resulted in the attachment *pro hac vice* of the Tirol to Bavaria and of German Bohemia to Saxony. If, however, we leave the innuendo aside, the problem remains how the division of political opinion in Austria can have been so quickly simplified. There is no doubt about the one party which demands the establishment of small States enjoying complete independence. That policy is the common ground of all the non-German nationalities in Austria. The other party is the mystery. Of the Germans in Austria it was true up till the end of April at least that the Socialists continued to hold completely aloof from the loud demonstrations of loyalty to the Hohenzollern in which the Radicals indulged, while the Clericals were determined not to go into the open opposition which the extreme German Nationalists advocated. One can scarcely credit the implication of the "Frankfurter" correspondent that both these parties have disappeared. The Clericals are loyal to the Habsburg dynasty; it is their one firm principle as a party. The Socialists have too hearty a detestation of the Hohenzollern and of German Imperialism, which they openly accuse of being solely responsible for the continuation of the war, ever to acquiesce in, much less to support, a policy of "return to the old German Federation."

Nevertheless, the dilemma which the "Frankfurter" correspondent suggests is in fact the one with which the Habsburg Empire is really threatened. What is incredible is that either the people, or the Crown, or the Government should have dared to face it. The so-called return to the old German Federation is merely a euphemism for the merging of Austria-Hungary in the German Empire, for it is utterly inconceivable that the German Kaiser would revert to his rôle in the old Bund and yield even an alternate presidency to the Habsburg Emperor. Nor is it conceivable that the Habsburg Emperor, with his infinite dynastic pride, could consent to take up the position occupied by the monarch of one of the Federated States in the present German Empire. And if one supposes this last inconceivable, by some effort of the mind conceivable, how could the present dualistic system continue to exist? Hardly otherwise than by the support of a German army on a perpetual war-footing. But, in truth, political speculation upon the future of Austria-Hungary is like an attempt to square the circle. One is hypnotized by the evident impossibility of any solution, even a violent one; one can but wait for the thing to happen, whatever it may be.

Moreover, affairs have now come to such a pass that political speculation on this subject is only a game of self-deception even for those Austrians who indulge in it. And those are limited, as the "Arbeiter Zeitung" points out with grim irony, to the people who have estates in the country which supply them with parcels or are themselves engaged in illicit traffic in food. In reality the political problem is a kind of fevered dream of which the solid substance is imminent starvation. The "bread-peace" with the Ukraine has yielded no bread and no peace. Galicia, German Bohemia, and large parts of the Tirol are starving. The Magyar agrarians, instead of helping Austria in her need, have bolted and barred the frontier as against a hostile country, and sold just enough of their superfluity to maintain the prices which Austria has to pay at a famine level. Tisza is the author of this policy, and by appointing his creature Burian once more to the control of the policy of the Dual Monarchy, the Emperor Carl has sacrificed practically all the popularity which he won for himself among his Austrian people. More than this, he has sacrificed his popularity among the people of Hungary, for the price which he has had to pay for Tisza's favor is to "compromise" the franchise reform which he so solemnly promised his Hungarian subjects barely a year ago. To compromise a democratic reform with Tisza is to kill it. And it is symptomatic of the violent change of sentiment towards the Emperor since the appointment of Burian that the "Arbeiter Zeitung" should bitterly contrast the attitude of the Crown in Prussia, where it refuses all compromise with the Junkers, with the weakness of the Crown in Hungary.

But the great political reality in Austria is hunger. Hungary will help at a price; Germany will help at a price. The report is that Hungary is to be paid, as a first instalment, the incorporation of Dalmatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina under the Hungarian crown. It is hardly likely that Germany will demand less. It seems certain that whatever Germany demands, Austria will have to pay, and also that Austria cannot pay it and remain Austria. The official Berlin telegram bears out the "Frankfurter" correspondent's suggestion of the price fixed at the conference at German headquarters:—

"A cordial discussion (it says) took place, and all fundamental political, economic, and military questions affecting the present and future relations of both monarchies were thoroughly discussed. There was complete accord on all these questions and on the extension and deepening of the existing alliance."

There is a sinister ring in the final sentence. But it is all very well for Ludendorff to insist on the "extension and deepening" of the present alliance. Such things may be settled in conversation; but to be carried into practice they need, even in Austria, the consent of half the people. There are ten million Germans in Austria and sixteen million Slavs, and no conversations or royal covenants can wash that fact away. Possibly the bargain struck is that the Austro-Hungarian offensive against Italy shall begin; that the

"pragmatic alliance, military union and customs union" shall be concluded, while Germany will permit the Emperor Carl to include Galicia in a Poland that will never be an Austrian Poland, so that some seventy of the Slav votes that would be cast against the alliance will be removed. But even then there can be no two-thirds majority for it, and the Socialists, faced with a new offensive, would certainly vote against it. They may not wait for the vote. They may anticipate it by a strike.

LETTING DOWN THE SCHOOLS.

EVERYBODY agrees that the future safety of the nation and its recovery from the ravages of war depend upon a fuller and a better use of the intelligence and character of its citizens, and that for this purpose we must lose no time in raising the standard of popular instruction and in throwing open and widening every educational door. But the formal acceptance of this policy will be of little use if, during the prolonged progress of the war, we drop the educational services before each panic cry of war-emergency. The peril of this course is increasingly apparent as time goes on. One of the earliest demands of war economy was the closing of public libraries. Then came the embargo upon the introduction of books and periodicals from the Continent, so that our educated men and women were shut off from access to the mind and knowledge of our enemies. Here the assumption was that it was safe and advantageous in a contest, which ultimately is a struggle of ideas, for our people to fight in the dark. More dangerous still, because more insidious and more widespread in its operation, has been the debasing of the current standards of our school teaching. While, on the one hand, friends of popular education are basing high hopes upon Mr. Fisher's proposals for raising the character of our instruction, bringing higher education within the reach of all intelligent boys and girls, and securing a higher status for the teaching profession, these expectations are being undermined by the constant incursions of immediate military and industrial demands upon the *personnel*, the time, and the material equipment of our existing schools.

The other day Sir James Yoxall made a very serious presentation of the situation. He told his audience that no fewer than 22,000 teachers had been enlisted for the Army, that the great majority of those under thirty-two years had been already called up, and that all those hitherto exempted were now liable to be taken under the new Man-Power Act. Under the arrangements hitherto made between the Board of Education and the National Service Department, virtually the whole of the younger "Grade 1" men have already been taken, and the new demand is for the whole of "Grade 2." Under such conditions, as Sir James observes, the supply of teachers must be continually scarcer, and the schools everywhere become more difficult to work. These pressures on the teaching services have been met by various expedients, all of which mean damage to the cause of national education. Before the war it was recognised in London as a sound economy that head teachers should not have a class assigned to them, so as to be free for the all-important duties of supervision and administration. The London Education authority has endeavored to meet the drain on its man-power by cancelling this rule and setting the head teachers to class work. This, of course, has only met the deficiency in part. In London, as elsewhere, the size of classes has been raised to dimensions which make individual attention to the scholar, the core of true education, an impossibility. Over a large part of the country a worse condition, that of half-time schools, prevails. This is due primarily to the taking of school premises for the purpose of hospitals, munitions and other war purposes. In important towns like Newcastle, Darlington, and Nottingham, the actual time of instruction for the children has been cut down, in order that the same school premises and staff may be available for two "shifts" of children.

Nor is the trouble one of quantity alone, fewer teachers, larger classes, shorter school time, and we may

add, longer holidays. The removal of so large a number of the ordinary teachers has led to dangerous dilution, in the shape of untrained and uncertified persons. One of the early war measures was the sacrifice of infants by a regulation which confined the employment of certificated teachers to classes of over five years of age. Large numbers of unqualified young women were put in sole charge of the infant classes, on the convenient but false theory that the little ones mattered least. This neglect at the beginning of the school course is balanced by a corresponding injury at the end. This is the illegal connivance of local school authorities at the withdrawal of children over twelve for agricultural and other employment, chiefly in the rural districts. Thus during the years of war the character of the education of our future citizens is being injured. But the full extent of this injury will only be realized afterwards when the coming generation is required to meet the stresses and strains of the post-war situation.

Again, neither the central nor local authorities are making any real attempt to remedy the scarcity in quantity and the deterioration in quality of the teaching staff, even for meeting current requirements. Now, Sir James Yoxall estimates that the provisions for raising the school age and abolishing half-time, contained in Mr. Fisher's Bill, will call for something like 5,000 more teachers, and that when the proposed continuation schools are got into full operation in a few years' time, another 30,000 will be wanted. What provision is being made for these demands? Absolutely none. The young male students in the Training Colleges have all passed into the forces. How many of them will be alive and available for teaching when the war is over? Of those who retain life and health, many will have become subalterns or non-commissioned officers, and will be unlikely to enter at the bottom of a profession so untempting in pay and social reputation. There is plenty of formal recognition of the need for raising the pecuniary and social status of the teacher; but little is done. London compositors have had their normal standard rate raised from 39s. 6d. to 62s. 6d. recently. The London County Council makes what seems at first sight an almost equivalent rise in its maximum salary for teachers, viz., a rise from £200 to £300. But this is a maximum scale, and it takes twenty-four years' service to make it fully operative. Taking the country as a whole, the rise of salaries and war bonuses has signally failed to keep pace with those obtained by skilled workers in war or other industries. In no case do they rise equivalently with the increased cost of living. Under such circumstances, it is not credible that when the war ends, the flow of young men into the teaching profession will be even equal to the pre-war flow, much less equal to the new demands. Those who do enter will be to a large extent either damaged or unenterprising youths. For a whole school generation there can be no supply of properly trained male teachers to replace those who die or retire. To a larger and larger extent the primary and even the secondary teaching will tend to be woman's work. So far as the earlier teaching is concerned, this may not in the long run be a loss, perhaps even a gain. But, for the secondary and the continuation schools, most educationists would agree that a due proportion of male teachers is essential to success.

That this, the most truly vital of our industries, the training of the young, should be thus recklessly sacrificed to the untested demands of the Army, seems to us utterly deplorable. To replace to an ever-increasing extent the regular and the more energetic male teachers by married female ex-teachers, or by inexperienced volunteers from the lower-middle class, may seem a defensible policy for a brief stop-gap. But as the war is prolonged, the fatal effects of such hasty expedients upon the future education of the nation are only too obvious. All the fine dreams of our enthusiasts who persuaded themselves that the war will have taught us, at any rate, the value of education as the instrument of national efficiency, will come to naught if years of neglect have let down our educational plant and no provision has been made for its repair.

A MATHEMATICAL CERTAINTY.

(MILITARY LOGIC, 1914—1920.)

1914.

"You are certain?"

"Abso-lute-ly! We can put four men to their three along the two fronts, and we have three to their two in ^{heavy}_{light} field artillery. I guarantee that we shall be in ^{Paris}_{Berlin} within a month."

"Go ahead! Order mobilization!"

1915.

"You are certain?"

"Yes. It's a mathematical certainty. If you can increase the heavy guns by a fourth, the machine guns by a third, treble the high explosive shells, and give us 90,000 men a month with drafts to correspond, we can not only break their front, but smash them altogether before September."

"You guarantee it?"

"Abso-lute-ly!"

"All right. Get to work on that basis."

1916.

"You see what we only want now to break through are the new 5.9 howitzers, 10,000 more of the Wilmington-Smith twin-seaters with Dorrington-White engines, at least thrice the supply of Pollies and Marthas and something to counter their 1916 Katzenellenbogen aerial torpedoes; also we require the Dassler triple-expansion gas cylinder generators and a million Bates fuse shells. You're calling up the rest of the A and B men, you say, and wangling the Medical Boards, so we shall have three men to their two by the autumn, but the Big Push will be through before then."

"You guarantee it?"

"Abso-lute-ly!"

1917.

We guaranteed victory, but only if that d——d

Eastern } front hadn't let us down. The ^{French}_{Austrian}
Verdun } ^{German}
Carso } ^{English}

have about doubled their aircraft in the last two months.

We couldn't foresee *that*, or the ^{Pill-boxes,}
^{Luccini Trench}
^{Mortars,}
^{Japanese Munitions,}
^{Halt in Galicia.}

But still it's quite simple to break 'em. Triple the

output of ^{Tanks and Lewis guns}
^{Gothas and Minnies,}
^{Hertz-Ramolli hydro-}
^{radiator asphyxiators,}
^{Moroni incandescent}
^{vitriol-flame flingers,} } double the T.B.R.

high explosive shells, find us an additional 500,000 men for the autumn offensive, and we'll be in ^{Brussels}_{Verdun} by October 7th."

"You guarantee it?"

"Abso-lute-ly!"

"But you might comb out the politicians."

1918.

"You mean us to put the job through?"

"What do you want?"

"Half a million of the Kettner automatic machine rifles, ditto Bolt pneumatic aerial-spray cross-firers; half the home engineers called up to work the Dunk-Dagnall electric poison generators in the trenches; and a million more men to meet their new Push. When

that's over and done with, we shall be in ^{Calais}_{Milan}
^{Brussels}
^{Trieste} } a

month later."

"And, by the way, you don't seem yet to have combed out the politicians."

1919.

"It's no use talking now of 1918. The Land War is a dead horse. But we've got a month's start of them in the output of the new Fairfax-Gross fifteen-seater twelve-ton bomb-carrier. You must equip all your munition factories with the Cody-Morse plant for electric aerial drum-fire. Then we can keep their Holtz-Toggenburg dynamo-electric Twin-chasers down, and be ready for the big Air Push in August. But——"

"What?"

"What about Peace?"

1920.

"Peace, yes; but why didn't they make it after the Battle of the Marne?"

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

WE are a simple folk. There is a serious British reverse, involving the loss of hundreds of guns, some scores of thousands of prisoners, and a breakage at a critical point of our main front. The break-through occurs at a place where, in spite of the protests of British generals, the British line had been extended, and, in consequence, we were in a great inferiority, as compared with the strength of the German onslaught. To this extension, the result of French pressure, the Prime Minister consents. Defending himself, the Prime Minister suggests that the British forces were superior to the Germans, that there had been no serious withdrawals from them, and in fact that they had increased. Obviously, therefore, it was the generals, not the politicians, who were in fault. A British general, defying discipline and courting the military ruin that has overtaken him, puts the case for the soldiers, and challenges that for the politicians. Mr. Asquith proposes a means of discovering the truth. Mr. George responds by making a speech for the prosecution of General Maurice, who is promptly put on half-pay. Colonel Repington writes for the "Morning Post" a considered answer to the Lloyd George indictment. The Censor refuses to pass it. General Maurice himself writes to the "Daily Chronicle" to correct the Prime Minister, and vindicates at least his honor and good faith. Two vital points of vindication (of no military consequence whatever) are struck out by the same hand. A journalistic hack of the Government gives warning to all and sundry that officers must support "it." Does that mean that other disturbances are at hand? Probably. In any case it is a useful notice that if we want to keep our liberties we must stand up for them.

AND what are the facts? Was General Maurice's case destroyed by Mr. George? If anyone thinks so, let him read the Prime Minister's speech in the light of General Croft's most damaging criticism of it. Mr. George himself did not even reaffirm his figure of three white divisions for Mesopotamia. He admitted that they had been reduced. In other words, he quoted a minimum figure for the white divisions in the Egypt-Palestine area. But he left the impression on the Commons that it was the maximum. The Germans say that there were seven. In any case, Mr. George's three was error or camouflage.

CLEARLY, then, many more troops had been taken from the Western Front for the Eastern one than Mr. George admitted. Clearly, too, as General Croft and Major Archer Shee showed, the whole force had been weakened *relatively to the new German reinforcement*. Mr. George's colleague put that reinforcement at 1,500,000 men. What did Mr. George do to counteract it? It is admitted that the brigades were reduced from four to three battalions. It is known that troops and generals were sent to Italy. Even if this were the only weakening, it follows that (a) a reduced army had to meet a heavily reinforced foe; (b) that in the moment of expecting his assault it was given a wider line to defend; (c) that the French pressed for the extension, our Generals resisted it, the politicians gave way, and the Generals had to compromise. Result, the Battle of St. Quentin, the worst in the war. Mr. George made it clear that, as I said last week, he was adding ration-strength to bayonet-strength in order to swell the total of the fighting army. But are heroic cooks and navvies to be reckoned as part of our combatant strength? Even supposing the case which General Maurice was not allowed to put was a bad one, what is to be said of Mr. George's?

THE moral is perfectly clear. There is not an enemy of France in England; there are only admirers and friends. But that is no reason why there should not be a British policy and a British statesman to stand up for it. But Mr. George never stands up. He seems to have yielded to M. Poincaré on the Austrian peace offer. He gave way to M. Clemenceau on the extension of our line. The world and the war are both the worse for his want of backbone. The truth about Mr. George's foreign diplomacy is what I have always held it to be. He is not richly enough equipped for these encounters; he lacks both the necessary knowledge and the indispensable moral force. He has let himself be drawn into the full tide of Continental politics, with its insidious currents of flattery and its glittering atmosphere of excitement. He was right to shake off a mere insularity. But he was terribly wrong to let Continentalism swathe him round as with a garment. We ought to be and we are generous Allies. But with our gigantic efforts and sacrifices there is no need to efface ourselves.

HOWEVER, though the Prime Minister had a certain success of audacity, and though neither the debate nor the division on Mr. Asquith's motion were well organized, things have changed and improved as the result of the encounter. There is an Opposition, and Mr. Asquith is its leader. It will acquire policy, criticize abuses, check tyranny, and become the nucleus and nursery of a Government. The Liberals who adhere to the Mr. George of these days will soon learn that their organizations are against them. I notice that the recently elected Liberals either voted with their leader or abstained; and that is a tendency in politics that will harden with time. With the great mass, as I firmly maintain after a good deal of inquiry, there is, for all his attraction, no less trusted or even less popular figure than Mr. George. But it is a counter-attraction, a finer, less erratic force, that must now be developed.

MR. GARVIN, I am pleased to see, has undertaken the task of correcting (in six columns of epileptic

abuse) Colonel Repington's "hysterics" and "convulsions," and restoring consistency to his criticism of military affairs. Here, indeed, is a Daniel come to judgment. Mr. Garvin, in an active career, has run all the way from Parnellism to Carsonism, and from Catholicism to "No Popery," with intervening visits to every kind of creed and half-creed known to gelatinous journalism. A man can chide inconsistency when he has stood by an unpopular cause for a fortnight, expound an argument when he can pursue it for the duration of a paragraph, and correct style when he possesses it. But it appears that Mr. Garvin has a commission or two. The other week it was to preach anti-Popery. Now he invites the Government to stand no nonsense from generals or the Press. The latter will be "squelched," or "cut out," or "made an end of" if they criticize the Prime Minister too much. The former must be loyal "in spirit and letter to the Government of the day," i.e., not to King George but to Mr. George. Well, well! One has heard this sort of thing before. I suppose there never was a time in our island story when tyranny lacked an Irishman of sorts to commend it either to his native country or to the land of his adoption. But I think if I were an English soldier or an Irish Catholic, I would rather be preached to by Mr. Bottomley than by Mr. Garvin.

MEANWHILE, I am slightly intrigued in the affair of Mr. Garvin's rival, the "National News," in which Mr. Garvin shows so disinterested a concern. I am not a student of that estimable journal, nor indeed did I know anything of its director (save his name) until Mr. George's Press began to take particular notice of him. But I was under a marked impression that it started on a slightly fulsome vein of eulogy of that great man, and even had one of his colleagues (no other than Sir Alfred Mond) for a proprietor. At least I heard nothing then of those episodes in Mr. de Beck's earlier career which have been miraculously produced from their remote and varied depositories. But this is a changing world.

I HAVE spoken of Lord Courtney as a public man elsewhere, but his loss, even in old age, seems to be that of a companion and leader of souls rather than of a politician. He was a Mentor; yet with what fire and spirit! Wisdom was mellow with him; but it had little of the shrinking prudence of age. He could laugh like a boy; and the world, as the day brought to him its manifold task of suggestion, encouragement, and appeal, seemed born afresh with each sun that rose on that wonderful, young-old man's eyes.

I CONFESS that, for my sins, I never even saw Mr. Gordon Bennett, though his characteristics and eccentricities were the common talk of journalism. But his work lives after him. I cannot even faintly imagine the nature of the intellect that conceived the Paris edition of the "New York Herald." In its way, I suppose it was an able one. You could always see the people that read this incredible sheet in certain restaurants and tea-shops in Paris, and hear their talk. They were exactly like it. It seemed to be a wonderful thing that they lived at all and were fond of Paris, which used to stare at them (through its waiters and valets) as if it could not quite make them out. I suppose they and the Paris "Herald" are still alive. But their Creator, at least (for I am sure Mr. Bennett must have made them), was not immortal.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE PROPHET IN POLITICS.

WHEN great men die, the age they enriched seems suddenly to shrink into poverty. Lord Courtney was such a man; and his death reveals just such a barrenness. The events of our time are of stupendous magnitude; they are the creatures of man, yet they seem to ask of him more than he can give. They demand that he should be a better, nobler being, as well as a far more clear-sighted one, than he seems able to be. Yet it is an equally pertinent reflection that if the best of humanity—best in wisdom and in moral force—had been at the head of our society, and could have been fairly distributed among its nationals, it would never have plunged into the gulf of this war. Beyond doubt, Lord Courtney was such a guide; his creed was an insurance against disasters such as have befallen us. He was more than a guide; he was a prophet. The world is always calling out for prophets; but when it gets them, it either fails to recognize them, or labels without listening to them. Courtney long foresaw the trouble in South Africa which ended in the Boer War, and long labored to avert it. He was hardly less aware of the advancing storm in Europe. Had he been Prime Minister—and it is astonishing that a man of his capacity of speech and intellect never reached Cabinet rank—and had a like-minded statesman led Germany, there would have been no war. Less endowed with the constructive than with the moral faculty, he saw the perils of the modern State more clearly than its opportunities. But he was essentially right in calling aloud for the great moral-intellectual qualities in government—toleration, understanding, mutual justice and forbearance, self-criticism. A great moralist indeed he was, and a world sickening for the want of goodness and common sense, must yet take such remedies as he offered or die for the lack of them.

But if Leonard Courtney was in the line of the prophets, he was also a practical man. He championed winning causes, not losing ones. Just as it was his habit to look like a man of granite, and be an extremely lovable one, so, like his master, Mill, he lived for the mass, and not for any philosopher's prize of abstract thought. Thus with an extremely masculine mind, cautious of sentimentalism, he could not bear to base the State solely on man's suffrage. He wanted to give it the best material it could collect, secure for wisdom and experience their full opportunity, and put some bounds to the party spirit. But as he aimed at obtaining *quality* in democracy, and wished Parliament to be a mirror of the national life, so he would never allow that only man should see his face in it. The same with existing institutions. Greatly to the surprise of many friends, this staunch Radical, of no fortune or social pretence, became a member of the House of Lords, and so dignified a one, that, judging by his dress and his demeanor, he would have been accounted a Duke at least, and of a proud and ancient stock. But he at once proceeded to put his new position to its right use. He thought of himself as a Senator and counsellor in politics. But he was no crotcheteer or obstructor. He did not stand for privilege, but for reflection, for second thoughts. A little dogmatic in tone, for he knew much, and loved not shallowness of mind, his intellect was truly helpful and tolerant. Thus he took sides and avoided strict partisanship; spoke his mind, and sought concord; argued and warned, but was essentially temperate and appealing. Reasonableness was his; often sweet reasonableness, sometimes a note of superiority, a touch of the lecture room. But always a double attachment to truth and to fine temper, combined in an effort to check the horrible passions that have broken loose and ravage mankind. Unhappily for political society, it breeds a dozen Lloyd Georges for one Courtney; our suicidal journalism understands only the first type, and ignores or belittles the other.

Lord Courtney was, I suppose, an individualist; he thought that State Socialism, expressed in and

working through Imperialist institutions and the Imperialist temper, had something to answer for in the troubles of the world, and that Man must stand up for himself, let his conscience speak, and put Government in its place. So he stood, with Lady Courtney, for C.O.s and people who thought the mind should be free, even in war; set up with her a Christian service of kindness to forlorn dependents of hostile aliens, and thus watered a kindred plant in Germany. Powerless to stay the greater mischief, he tried to foster here and there, when God willed, some slight "culture" of healing influence. Very early in the war, he came to the conclusion that military force would never end it, that after periods of ebb and flow, a deadlock of the main armies would recur, and become a fixed element. Therefore, he insisted that an early peace was better than a late one; and that though a League of Nations (of which he was a little sceptical) was useful, the state of moral appeasement which he craved must come immediately at least through the cessation of physical violence rather than from the creation of an ideal political order. I think he pictured society (and not merely Germany) as a kind of Prodigal Son. Driven to the husks, the prodigal's wisdom lay in getting home again.

In the mid-eighties of his life, Lord Courtney did a young man's work, and disdained no helper, however humble. He never got tired and never gave up. Without being a party man, he conceived his task as that of giving an intelligent direction to party aims, and making the party man realize what his cries and watchwords meant. Thus he belonged to an almost classical type of intellectual activity, whose ends were essentially moral, and, save for the satisfaction of his love of man in no sense self-regarding. He possessed a certain pride of character, answering to a slightly formal address and personal demeanor. He looked, indeed, to be markedly of the *grand monde*, and for this in truth he lived, and was of its *grands seigneurs*. But this "great world" was the world of humanity; no class, and no class interest, intervened to limit his view and intercept and adulterate his sympathies. He believed in himself, but he was too serious for vanity. He could be a little contemptuous of bad men and their handiwork; but his mind was equable; and as it was always engaged, and had many occupations and interests, he enjoyed life and the society of kindred minds, and in dark times never despaired. Weakened sight, and more than one warning illness, did not avail to slacken his grasp of life or seriously cut down his many-sided reading. On the whole, he was the best controversialist of his time. He was one of the most constant correspondents of the "Times" and "Manchester Guardian," and his letters, acutely practical in aim, were also little essays in constitutional law, in political morals, in legislative statesmanship. His style was virile and weighty; but not at all dull. His speeches were delivered in a strong, rather harsh, voice, their meaning given out and emphasized in the working of his boldly marked face. The tone might have been thought a trifle pedagogic. But it rose to high eloquence when, as in the famous indictment of the Chamberlain-Milner diplomacy, the speaker linked events in time with their character in the sphere of moral truth. I do not know that Lord Courtney possessed a fixed creed. But his life was religion. And if he exhibited a certain austerity of mind, which made men think of him, half-resentfully, as a kind of Cato, an over-stern censor of his age, this habit of fixed judgment constantly yielded and flowed into the Christian spirit. He was thus a great example, for he was both a preacher and a doer of the word, and spoke wisdom to men with the sole intent that they should deal more kindly and justly with each other.

H. W. M.

ON MAKING A NEW WORLD.

IN a matter of life and death, even a stupid man often displays great cunning and resource. So it may be with our nation, and other nations, in the process misnamed reconstruction. For it is manifest that the old fabric, economic, political, moral, and spiritual,

which has fallen before the blows of war, cannot be rebuilt, and that the more closely we set ourselves to attempts to do so, the more disastrous will be our failure. "Beware of a return to the *status quo ante*," should be the first maxim of all who seek security with progress. For out of the *status quo ante* came all our ills. If we return to the sort of industrial system we had before, poverty, strife, incessant danger of stoppages and of starvation, become inevitable. So with national and international politics. This sham democracy of our pre-war misrepresentative Government was already sufficiently exposed before the critical test of war came. No one wishes to go back to the party politics of 1914. A mere resumption of the old international relations would mean going back to live upon the brink of a volcano, which you knew was certain shortly to erupt.

No doubt there is a general acceptance of this view, accompanied by a sort of belief that we must make a New World. But how make it? Here comes in a peril, the more real because our whole past way of life disables us from realizing it. Mechanical conceptions have played so dominant a part in our arrangements as unconsciously to instil the notion that a New World can be made by machinery. Committees or Councils for easing industrial friction or balancing and harmonizing interests, Congresses or Leagues of Nations for adjudicated differences and making laws, a brand new State, fitted out with all the latest improvements in civic and industrial development, educational apparatus, taxing powers and commercial and financial controls, fill the minds of many reconstructionists. They will not hear the suggestion that such reforms are mere machinery. It will be urged that they are not mechanical devices, but organs of a new social life. Now the really fundamental problem of "reconstruction" is set forth with penetrating power in the opening volume ("Ideas at War") of a series of little books on "The Making of the Future," edited by Patrick Geddes and Victor Branford, and published by Williams & Norgate. The writers, Professors Geddes and Slater, dwell upon two essential evidences in support of this demand for an organic and vital view of the task before the nations. The first is the proved bankruptcy of the ideas, political, economic, social, expressed in "the mechanical age," which in its later phases blossomed out into combines and organized finance, with Empire, militarism, and party as their instruments for the illimitable extension of ruthless parasitic power and the glorification of material prosperity and progress. Men had been divided by this process into dominant and subject classes and races, with pride and fear as the driving motives; work had become ugly and hateful, and such useful products as it yields were the subjects of unceasing strife between rich and poor, strong and weak. The very idea of pleasant, voluntary service for the commonweal had passed out of the economic system. The objects of public worship had changed with the industrial revolution.

"For a moment one realizes that the men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were no less willing to spend their substance and toil to build an enduring edifice to the glory of God and for the purification of the souls of men, than we are to pay and toil for the construction of the floating cathedrals of our age, those transient expressions of the fears and forces of destruction which we call Dreadnoughts."

Unless these false beliefs in the utility and satisfaction of the physical struggle for material wealth and power between individuals, classes, nations, which have been stamped not only into the fabric of our industrial and political system, but into the science, the religion, and the art which glorify them, can be extirpated, no experiments in National Industrial Councils or in Leagues of Nations will go far towards healing growth.

In a generation bred in fear and insecurity, and fresh from the shock of this terrible realization of them, how is it possible to instil faith in the creative power of human thought applied to human service? Well, we must learn to walk before we seek to fly. Our authors are, therefore, wise in beginning by showing that they bring a message of hope for the performance of the solid, inevitable material task confronting us when war is over.

"How are you going to reconstruct? people ask. How are you going to get the money—when so much will have been spent, and the burden of debt will rest so heavily upon us all? The answer is, that we do not reconstruct with money, but with life, with the life and labor of the future, and not with the savings of the past."

No doubt matter limits us, but far less tightly than in our blind absorption in the details of money-making, we suppose. Even the hasty and clumsy mobilization of our economic resources for the needs of war has taught us something of the elasticity and liberation which the freer application of ideas can achieve. And, though the labor power represented by a million lives or more may have perished, and a great part of our plant and stocks be seriously impaired, the penetration of a few definitely new creative ideas into applied chemistry or physics, or into the art of business organization, together with the scrapping of a few obsolete obsessions or taboos, may leave us as a nation immensely richer for the work of economic recuperation and progress. If, for instance, we can get the drawing of nitrogen from the air on to a cheap, reliable, abundant basis, even against the distribution of electric light and power, can definitely shed the notion that an ordinary mechanic ought not to be earning more than £3 a week, or can apply successfully some pooling arrangement for the transport of coal and other heavy goods by land or sea, a handful of such fruitful ideas might soon compensate all the material waste of this most destructive of all wars. But if we could get below this level of concrete reforms and economic forces to the power-house itself, if we could secure a real and widespread belief in the creative activity of human thought and human will, their sovereignty as transforming motives in society and its environment, we could substitute for the casual and accidental output of bright, serviceable notions a constant supply, welling up unceasingly from the creative life of man. This is the problem at whose solution our psychologists, our educational reformers, have long been fumbling. Must creative minds always be the monopoly of a few favorites of nature in a multitude of commonplace—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*? Our prophets of the new life tell us otherwise:—

"With the dull myths of the 'average mind' we have done; for the realized psychological truth is that adolescence is thrilling with genius—genius moral and intellectual, genius creative and constructive. In the clear sunlight, then, of ethics, politics, and science, regenerated and socialized from those of the mechanical-imperial phase, we may go forward anew, as of old—to reshape each city and region, so that men may again learn and share 'the good life,' and express all in them that is most human."

Vague, general, speculative, such statements will sound in many ears. But not, we think, to those who will read the two volumes, "Ideas at War," and "The Coming Polity," in which the brilliant and fertile mind of Professor Geddes finds expression. For they will thus discover that the authors have forestalled such criticism by showing that the terrible collapse of current civilization is due to the unreality of the main ideas which it embodies, to false abstractions about the nature of the State, the relations of individuals and nations to one another in politics and industry, and to mistaken notions of the useful and desirable, and how to get them. In other words, their thinking in the so-called social sciences, as well as their practice of the social arts, industry, government, art, religion, law, the home, has been vitiated by misty ideas or false sentiments, generated partly by airy metaphysics, partly by the motives of fear, pride, and enmity which divide and corrupt human association. Instead of trying vainly to build in the air, these writers would bring us back to the foundations of the solid earth. All social and political study should, they urge, begin with man's actual habitat, the work he has to do in order to get his living there, and the sort of man and family which this work and place produce.

Le Play, Comte, and Buckle were pioneers in this study nearly a century ago, and it has been one of the great intellectual misfortunes or crimes of

the nineteenth century that authoritative economics and politics refused to follow them, preferring the imposing abstractions of a Ricardo and a Hegel, and in their turn leading astray the early socialistic thinkers. Now, tardily, all the anthropologists, psychologists, and economists are feeling their way back to this solid contact with mother earth and the conditions she imposes upon human life. We are beginning to learn two lessons which seem on first appearance contradictory. The first is the tight grip which the primitive life of man, in his struggle for a living, as hunter, shepherd, miner, forester, and fisher, retains in all his later complexities of civilization, moulding and coloring his politics, religion, art, and enjoyments. The second is the ebullience of the creative energy which enables him continually to transcend the limits of his past, enrich his personality with new tastes, activities, and aspirations, and to weave new webs of intimate co-operation, with ever-widening and more varied circles of his fellow-men, and with ever-growing elements of spiritual community in the fibre of the web. The writers fill out with a rich array of tempting illustrations the plea they make for the urgent need of approaching "reconstruction" in the large free realism of their appeal, relying as it does upon the final and accepted wisdom of Comte's great statement of the path of human progress, *Voir, prévoir, pourvoir*.

Present-Day Problems.

THE PROPOSED MURDER OF A NATION.

DUBLIN, May 15th.

As in a great drama, there sometimes comes a pause of haunted expectation while unseen but suspected events are working towards the predestined tragedy, so Ireland is now awaiting the British Government's blow. Among the vast majority of her people, there is only one division that counts—the division between hope and fear. Some, but they are few, still hope that the horror may be dissipated; that, even at the last moment, the Government may have the courage to recognize how grave is their political and military error; and that the record of a great war, waged for the safety of democracy in the world, and for the freedom of small nationalities, may not be stained and blotted by the subjugation of a people's will, and the suppression of the small nation nearest to the British coasts. It is their hope that Ireland may yet find in British Liberalism and Labor a champion to avert the wrong, and that the English, Scottish, and Welsh peoples may perceive how disastrous for the conduct of the war the fulfilment of the Government's proposal will be, and how damaging to the reputation of their own countries for justice and freedom throughout the world.

Those are the hopeful people—the so-called "optimists"—but, as I have said, they are few. It is only by a hopeful confidence in the power of reason, and a belief in the general uprightness of British judgment that they are divided from the many who discover no gleam of light in the approaching darkness, and are mournfully but resolutely preparing for the worst. They can point to reasons enough for their tragic apprehensions. They can point, not only to the passing of the Conscription Act itself against the steady opposition of nearly all the representatives of Ireland in Parliament, but to the removal of moderate and considerate men from the responsible positions of State and Army, and the substitution of avowed enemies to the national cause. They can point to a military Lord Lieutenant—the first, as they repeat, since the Cornwallis of '98, and to a Chief Secretary whose place is now for the most part to be in England, divorced from Irish opinion, no matter what his own views may be; and they can point to ominous changes in judicial and administrative offices. As to military preparations, it is useless to suggest to them that such preparations may be designed for other purposes than the violent persecution or suppression of their country. Rumors fly. The numbers of the British troops diverted to Ireland from the hostile fronts may be exaggerated. The numbers of tanks, machine-guns, aeroplanes, and gas-shells may be exaggerated. All these preparations may be designed

for other purposes, easily suggested. But rumors fly from mouth to mouth, and their force accumulates, daily increasing the sense of distrust, apprehension, and foreboding.

People speculate what may be the reason of the Government's sudden defiance of a nation's will. Some suppose they are acting on the assumption that the Irish Extremists, however few in number, might take the opportunity of an unfavorable hour in the war for another rebellion. Perhaps that is the most reasonable explanation, though, until this Act was passed, the idea of another rising in Ireland was as improbable as a crushing disaster to British arms by land or sea. The objection to raising the military age in Great Britain while leaving the service voluntary in Ireland is also considered. But the general and most popular explanation is that "Carsonites," "Imperialists," or "Prussianizers" are now dominant in the Cabinet, and are seizing the occasion to stamp out Irish nationalism by the destruction of those whom the "Carsonites" were accustomed, in the days of their own rebellion, to describe as "the enemy" and "the foe."

It is, of course, possible that by forcing Conscription upon Ireland against the will of nearly her whole population, and without even asking the opinion of her representatives, the Government expected to increase the military forces of the Empire. Of all expectations this was the vainest. At the beginning of the war, Irish sympathy was, on the whole, with the British decision. Ireland was at least equally moved by the violation of Belgium; she believed and acknowledged that for once England was entering upon a war for the high causes of justice and freedom, and the belief was accepted with joy. How her enthusiasm was quenched, and her glad offers of co-operation rejected is now an old story. The methods by which the rising of 1916 was suppressed, the successive executions and deportations, and the subsequent publication of the Secret Treaties shook a generous faith. Perhaps nothing but the Conscription Act could have utterly destroyed it, but now it is shattered. One hears no more in praise of such heroic self-sacrifice as Major Redmond's (whom both English political parties had imprisoned in turn). Nor does one hear such generous offers as that with which Mr. Devlin concluded his great protest against the Bill in the House of Commons. What one hears now is most exactly expressed by a paragraph in George Russell's recent letter to the "Manchester Guardian":—

"Our people," writes "Æ," "look on this last act of British power with that dilated sense of horror a child might feel thinking of one who had committed some sin which was awful and unbelievable, against the Holy Ghost. What power, they wonder, except one inspired by spiritual wickedness, would weave this last evil for a land subdued, force it to warfare to uphold a power it hates, that has broken it, that has killed its noblest children, overthrown its laws, taken the sceptre? They turn in appeal to the Master of Life and supplicate Him, and they believe by conscience they are justified in resistance even to death."

No one here doubts that they will resist even to death.

Setting aside all private thoughts and interests, they are preparing calmly and in a business-like manner for the approaching struggle, in which they well know their lives may be involved. Some are filled with a grave sorrow; some with the kind of religious exaltation which accompanies the devotion of self to a holy cause. All are united in the solemnity of resolve. Let no one suppose that they are led by priests or directed by a distant Church. The priests are now but the people in more definitely religious stress, nor does the Church influence their decision, though she may possibly exercise restraint upon their means. The avowed enemies of Ireland attempt to discover divisions in her people's ranks; but whether the Members should return now and again to plead their country's cause in Westminster, however vainly, is now the only serious division, and under the pressure of coming peril even this will disappear. The resolution of resistance is fixed and universal. No section of national opinion even raises a question about it.

As to the means of resistance, there may well be differences. When the order to violate a nation's sanctity goes out, some may defy it by one means, some by another. Some speak of "taking to the hills," some of combining in groups and dying fighting to the last, some of destroying the cattle and tearing up the crops of their country lest they should become food for the dominant power and her

militarist authorities. Some may stand passive, refusing obedience to a Government which imposes laws without consent, and silently submitting to all penalties, whether of imprisonment or death. Those, I think, are the most numerous, who advocate this silent and unresisting resistance, carried through by hundreds of thousands; such resistance could not be overcome, and Ireland, they boast, would thus raise such a standard of protest against the forces of militarism as must attract and encourage the common peoples of all the world, and place the country in the very forefront of civilization and the future's hope.

From the heart of Ireland, it is to my own English countrymen that I appeal. By the proposed action no glory is to be won, no advantage gained. Whether in men, wealth, or provisions, the resources of England will be reduced. I have known British soldiers in many campaigns, and I know how little they love the task of using arms against a nation speaking the same tongue, and sharing so many of the British qualities. At the best, we shall have added one more act to the miserable tragedy through which for centuries we have caused this beautiful country to pass. We shall have wiped out much of the reputation for justice we bear in the world, and only our enemies will rejoice at our loss. At the best, we shall have converted a gradually increasing friendliness between the two countries into a sullen resentment on our side, and on the Irish side into an envenomed hatred which successive generations will nurse upon cherished memories of bloodshed and horror. At the worst, all that makes life most worth having, whether for English or Irish people, will have been destroyed.

H. W. N.

Letters to the Editor.

THE HONOR OF THE GOVERNMENT.

SIR,—It would be interesting to know how many of the journalists, who so glibly acclaim the "Maurice debate" as an overwhelming triumph for the Government, could answer the following simple, but relevant, questions:—

1. Does the proposal to appoint some tribunal, before which the Government can establish its veracity, really amount to a vote of censure on the Government?

2. If so, does it not necessarily follow that in proposing a court of two judges for this purpose the Government was in effect moving a vote of censure on itself?

3. If, however, it is not the proposal to appoint some tribunal, but the proposal to appoint a Select Committee in particular, which implies censure, then what is there in the nature of a Select Committee to distinguish it so sharply and so unfavorably from a Court of Honor?

4. We know the official reply: which is that a Court of Honor would, and a select Committee would not, possess the requirements essential to a sound verdict: namely (i) impartiality, (ii) full information, based on secret documents.

Very well: but if so, why does the Government abandon its Court of Honor and reject Mr. Asquith's Select Committee in favour of a direct appeal to the House of Commons as a whole? Has the House as a whole access to the secret documents, on which alone, according to the Government, a sound verdict can be based? Is the House as a whole more impartial than five of its members selected expressly for their impartiality?

5. The answer being in both cases "No," does it not follow that the so-called verdict of the House is, in the Government's view at any rate, worthless?

6. With what show of logic can a Government, having to choose between three possible bodies before which to vindicate its honor, propose and then repudiate the first: reject the second for reasons which utterly condemn the third; and then proceed to adopt the third?

To these arguments, most temperately advanced by the Opposition, the Government and their Press have nothing better to oppose than absurd charges of condoning indiscipline and obstructing the prosecution of the war. If such charges are justified against an Opposition which proposes a Select Committee, how are they less justified against a Government which proposes a Court of Honor? It is needless to point out how unjustified they are in either case. A man must be besotted to imagine that discipline can be maintained, or the war won, by a Government, against which subsists an unrepented accusation of falsehood, professed, rightly or wrongly, by an authoritative and obviously disinterested official.—Yours, &c.,

X.

A PEACE ATMOSPHERE.

SIR,—The chorus of vituperation with which any criticism of the Ministry is met by its allies in the Press is of such a nature that even a politician may shrink from exposing himself to it; and it is possible that the inference to be drawn from the failure of the attempts that have been made to shake off what has become a national incubus is that the country is as completely in the hands of the existing Administration as Germany, it is said, is in those of the military party. In this case, the "Dunciad" is to the point:

"Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine."

Psychological motives enter largely into this. The war has provided occupation and excitement for a large number of people who were formerly without either. Such persons do not want to return to the monotony and insignificance of their pre-war existence: the self-importance of small authority, the instinct of fuss, the belief that to make other people uncomfortable is to "get on with the war," are factors to be considered. Above all, the instinct of getting is strong. To a large section of the community the war is a very profitable investment: and, without attributing directly and consciously commercial motives to those who find it so, men do not easily destroy that by which they live. It is impossible to overlook the great and increasing mass of vested interests that have been created. Officials are multiplied; salaries liberal; profits swollen; prices high. Never was supervision more lax, never were jobbery and business malpractices more general. Gladstonian finance has become a memory. It is time that it was revived.

The creation of a Peace atmosphere is the first condition of an improved situation. Such an atmosphere would be brought about by the fall of the Ministry; and it is difficult to see how it can be brought about in any other way. The alternatives are Peace by a "Knock-out Blow" or Peace by Negotiation; to which must be added a third, Peace by Mutual Exhaustion; into which—in default of the first, which seems out of the reach of either combatant (the scale of the conflict being too great to admit of it), and of the second, which our present rulers reject—we are rapidly drifting. What many of us, who are far from being Pacifists, feel is that, as long as the present Government remains in office, no peace propositions will be even listened to. There have been times when, unless we are misinformed, such propositions have been made. They may have been indirect or tentative; the terms suggested may have been unacceptable or even impossible; the proposals may have been insincere. But is it too much to say that, if only as a basis of negotiations, they should have been considered? and that, in the event of such offer being renewed should the present enemy offensive fail, as we may believe it will fail to realize its purpose, it is of vital importance that the opinion of the country should be taken in the matter? The Ministry climbed into office because certain influential persons were induced to believe that it could, and would, end the war. It has not done so; and there seems no prospect of its doing so. What it can do is to prolong it indefinitely and uselessly. And this it ought not to be allowed to do.

But the omens are unpropitious. Seldom has a Government been so often and so effectually discredited; but seldom has a Government been so little shaken by its discredit. There is a little of the ancient Roman about the Prime Minister; but, if an Administration can survive slaughter at Ypres and exposure at Westminster, it may be said:

"Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro."

This tenacity of existence is due more than to any one cause to the recent development of popular commercial journalism, which may be described as the "Press-Industry." Its worst feature—it is one of many bad ones—is the extent to which it has succeeded in divorcing power from responsibility. Our Constitution unites them closely and inseparably: an official can be removed; a commander superseded; a Minister impeached. A newspaper cannot be dealt with in these ways. It is irresponsible, impersonal, incongruous; it has neither charge nor public function, nor office: it is a voice, a rumor, a whisper—not a man. And the new Press is commercial in a sense in which the journalism of a generation ago was not. It says—and its instinct is phenomenal—exactly what the average man, ignorant, credulous, and vulgar, wishes to hear and is prepared to assimilate.

This Press is the predominant partner in a profoundly mischievous alliance. For "there is nothing hid from the heat thereof"; it has become a power in public affairs. The accuracy with which it predicts coming political events suggests what divines call *scientia antecedens*, and plain people previous knowledge: it prompts, dictates, manoeuvres, threatens, intrigues. It has a foot in Cabinets and an ear at keyholes: it can overthrow Ministries, displace commanders, affect the gravest questions of administration, of diplomacy, of naval and military strategy. It has done these things; and it may do them again. And it has done them by means which can only be excused on the ground of that imminent and extreme public danger which over-rides—and rightly over-rides—party ties, personal obligations, military etiquette and discipline, and law itself. But the justification of such a policy requires not only necessity, but success. A Napoleon, who succeeds, takes his place in the national Walhalla: a Catiline, who fails, goes down to the dust from which he sprung, a threadbare, shabby,

and dishonored shade. Such adventurer-politicians succumb to the same acts and the same influences as those by which they achieved power.

"Sed perit postquam cordonibus esse timendus
Cæperat; hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti."

—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

CIVIS.

May 13.

THE IDEA OF EQUALITY.

SIR,—Your interesting contributor, H. J. M., in "The World of Books," has given me a great shock. He writes:—"Now what is the really original contribution of 'modernism' (to literature?) I take it—the idea of the equality of all men, irrespective of classes, irrespective of nations. It is brand new. The Athenian democracy never had it."

On the contrary it was vigorously preached, and perhaps invented, in the Athenian democracy of the fourth century. It is fundamental in St. Paul, and St. Paul got it straight from the Stoics. It is at the heart of Stoicism, and all that vague and popular philosophy of later Greece and Rome which was permeated by Stoic ideas. I content myself with one quotation, from Arnold's "Roman Stoicism," p. 274:—

"We must therefore regard ourselves as members not of a clan or city, but of a world-wide society. In this society all distinctions of race, caste, and class are to be subordinated to the sense of kinship and brotherhood. This principle is equally opposed to the nationalist prejudices which rank Hellene above barbarian, to philosophical theories which distinguish intelligent peoples fitted by nature to rule and others only fitted to obey, and to ideal states in which a ruling class is to be developed by artifice and schooling. . . . The world-state is not held together by force or state-craft. We must be able to say: 'Love is God there.' (Zeus in Arnim I. 263.)"

This is a good and temperate summing-up; but the original Stoic passages are often more thorough-going and paradoxical in their complete denial of all human distinctions except that of goodness and badness in the soul.—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT MURRAY.

May 12th, 1918.

LIBERALISM AND KEIGHLEY.

SIR,—I went to Keighley for two days to support Mr. Bland against Mr. Somervell; I spoke at five meetings, I talked to many persons, I listened to what people had to say. I am confident that there was an element of Liberal defection supporting Mr. Bland.

At every meeting addressed by me I made two points (1) that I came as a Liberal to support a real Liberal, not a lukewarm supporter of Mr. Lloyd George, and (2) that with the exit of Russia and entrance of U.S.A., the war was a new affair, and that the secret treaties must be scrapped. Time may justify the second of these points. My first point is already plainly proved. Mr. Somervell, M.P., wrote to you on May 8th that he was "a supporter of Mr. Asquith"; on May 9th he deliberately abstained from supporting Mr. Asquith in the Division Lobby! Even if he were right in saying there were no Liberal defections in Keighley, such conduct will soon create them!—Yours, &c.,

J. KING.

House of Commons.

SIR,—Your correspondents urge that there was no appreciable defection from the Liberal camp. The ascertained fact is that the normal Labor poll was appreciably increased. The Irish vote does not account for this increase. Labor was weakened because Mr. Bland only represented the I.L.P. Did the increase consist of Pacifist Tories? I leave the conclusion to your readers.

It is gratifying to know that Mr. Somervell is a supporter of Mr. Asquith, but I may be allowed to suggest that an opportunity of supporting him was offered by the division on May 9th.—Yours, &c.,

NOEL BUXTON.

May 14th, 1918.

SIR,—The statement made by Mr. Perkins of Bradford in your last issue that a cousin of mine took the chair at one of Mr. Somervell's meetings is entirely inaccurate. No relative of mine presided at any of his meetings. The value of the other statements made by this writer may be estimated from the accuracy of this, though in itself it is unimportant.

As one who knows the Keighley Division far better than either Mr. Somervell or Mr. Perkins of Bradford, I will add that Mr. Noel Buxton's account of the deductions to be drawn from the result of the poll is a fair and correct statement.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP SNOWDEN.

[Mr. Perkins's reference was to Mrs. Snowden.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE LITTLE THEATRE.

SIR,—After following with great appreciation the correspondence raised in your columns by Mr. Miles Malleston I thought it might be of further interest to your readers to

learn that a new organization has recently been formed in this city under the name of "The Independent Players," preparing to launch their initial performance with Masefield's "Philip the King" and Drinkwater's "X.O.," among other plays.

There cannot, I am sure, be too many of these adventurous little groups to spread the conviction that the theatre is still worth serious attention. We have not only to re-create an old art but to win back an intelligent play-going audience. It was a French critic who pointed out the danger of playing "below the heads of the public." The Commercial Theatre has too long been consistently playing to its boots, and so alienated all that is best in the public mind. That this has been duly recognized is proved by the existence of the Drama League of America, whose aim it is to support with an organized audience any production that wins its conscientious approval.

Some critics have compared this new tendency in the theatre to the art of Picasso and Marinetti; and it may indeed be good to remind ourselves of our kinship with the other arts, keeping in mind that our striving is but part of a larger world-wide striving; but I think our immediate object is so much simpler and more elementary. For years the theatre may be said to have been run as a family affair; and even its little conspiracies with tailor and publican at the expense of the public only go to prove that it has not been a great, open, human thing. When art has ceased to be a trade, and become the treasured heritage of all women and men, the strong, shining speech that it should be, the theatre will find its right place.

With aims such as these, what does it matter that Mr. Belasco has likened our American pioneers (like Winthrop Ames and Stuart Walker) to "hogs who can only grunt and squeal"? Already the sleeping Drama has been aroused; it is fumbling in the darkness; in another moment it will have cut the bonds and stand erect of a sudden with its face to the sun.

To bring this about, would it not be a great help for the numerous groups already existing to enter into some kind of contact with each other?—Yours, &c.,

C. A. BARMAN.

University of Liverpool.

CHANGING OUR MINDS.

SIR,—A well-observed phenomenon of the war is that a political occurrence in one set of belligerents soon occurs among the others; and, whatever the reason may be, whether the whole war is subconsciously a kind of unity-in-division and division-in-unity, a psychological house divided against itself, the habitation of humanity in discord and planet of heaven jarred into hell, or whether this political correspondence works on the principle of a sort of psychological reprisals—this, at any rate, is sure, that such an event, or state of things, in one country magnetically operates in another, as in the Bolshevik rising and the Austrian strikes. The way to induce a reasonable Government among your enemies, therefore, is to set up a reasonable Government in yourselves; to set the circle of reason revolving from London to Berlin via Italy and France; which most earnestly I shall hope we will do soon.—Yours, &c.,

E. H. VISIAR.

30, Cavendish Road, N.W. 6.

THE CAPITAL LEVY.

SIR,—On the question of a capital levy my mind is still open. Before closing it I want to see a reply to Mr. Arnold as able and as reasoned as his statement of the case.

Professor Bone's letter is not helpful. He asks (1) Is it just to confiscate one man's capital who, with a fixed income of say £1,000 per annum, has saved £5,000 as provision against old age, in order to enable the tax on the income of another man earning £5,000 per annum to be reduced from 7s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.? If Professor Bone has in mind the case, say, of a successful music-hall artist earning £5,000 per annum without any capital investment, such cases are provided for under Mr. Arnold's scheme by means of a Special Income-Tax—a perfectly practicable proposal. If, however, the income of £5,000 per annum is due to a capital investment yielding, say, 8 per cent., this would mean, say, approximately £60,000 invested capital on which 25 per cent., £15,000, would have to be paid against only 9 per cent. (£450) on the capital of the man who had saved only £5,000 as a provision for his old age. Both men would, of course, enjoy the reduction in income-tax.

(2) Is it just to tax the capital of persons who have invested in fixed income-yielding securities which Professor Bone says have depreciated 30 per cent. since the war?

While the capital has depreciated the income has remained the same; surely, then, they will be better off if taxed on the depreciated capital value rather than on the fixed income.

(3) Is it proposed to tax life insurance policies? This is quite a minor point. If desirable, an abatement could be granted under a capital levy, just as it is for income-tax.

(4) Is it proposed to discriminate between inherited capital and capital resulting from a man's own savings?

I know of no such discrimination made in taxing income derived from either type of capital.

(5) How is it proposed to deal with potential capital, say on undeveloped invention?

I presume it would be valued at what it is worth; say at what it could be sold for as an undeveloped invention.

Professor Bone says that he has always been under the impression that "present taxation, however assessed, must and can only be paid out of present productivity." I do not think this is true. The revenue which the Government raises must, it is true, come out of present productivity. The funds to carry on the war have been raised (except as regards any adverse balance of our international indebtedness) out of present productivity; but surely the lender can be paid back by a reshuffling of the ownership of property. Professor Bone says that under a capital levy scheme, people will be forced to repay themselves. Well, Sir, under any scheme the funds necessary to repay the debt must be found by the wealthier classes. The working classes have not the means to pay. Professor Bone knows that stones do not yield blood. The wealthier classes must decide whether they prefer to pay the debt by means of a sinking fund, i.e., say in forty yearly instalments, or by means of a capital levy in two instalments. Out of many business men to whom I have put this question, 80 per cent. say that, while not wishing to commit themselves, at first sight, they prefer the capital levy.—Yours, &c.,

BARNARD ELLINGER.

Manchester.

SIR,—In commenting on Professor Bone's adverse criticism on a levy on capital in your last issue you say, "Just as the nation takes the fighting strength of young men for the activity of war, so it takes the property of old men to help to meet the war bill," and thus you appear to give the suggestion your approval; but would you give a little consideration to the viewpoint of the older men who regard it with some consternation? Willingly would the sexagenarian or septuagenarian have his youth back and take his place and his chances in the battle line, but you would give him no chances at all, just take the money out of his purse without giving him back the years to enable him by renewed activity to refill it.

Unfortunately for them, men of sixty and seventy and eighty cannot put back the hands of the clock and be at the war with their sons, and return to business when it is over, as we hope most of the young men will, and then by industry and intelligence and opportunity make a fortune or a competence; gladly would they do so. Many of them have given their sons for the country, and will not have them to rely upon to make good a levy on their capital if such a confiscating measure is carried through, and those left with daughters only will have to leave them with much reduced dowries or none. It seems to me that in treating capital thus you are injuring the cow which gives the milk—the cow is the capital, the milk the interest on it; far better encourage the cow to give more abundantly by taking care of her instead of handling her roughly, or playing the quack doctor with her. The resources of civilization are not so exhausted that other means of taxation cannot be found: a 5 per cent. levy on all consumption or expenditure, not merely a tax on luxuries, would bring in an abundant revenue as well as encourage thrift, and the device of the war-tax stamp has not been tried in the mother-country yet, though the colonies have it, and there are some forms of indirect taxation which might be so applied as not to cripple trade.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES ROBERTSON.

Poetry.

ON HEARING MRS. WOODHOUSE PLAY THE HARPSICHORD.

WE poets pride ourselves on what
We feel, and not what we achieve;
The world may call our children fools,
Enough for us that we conceive.
A little wren that loves the grass
Can be as proud as any lark
That tumbles in a cloudless sky—
Up near the sun, till he becomes
The apple of that shining eye.

So, lady, I would never dare
To hear your music every day;
With those great bursts that send my nerves
In waves to pound my heart away;
And those small notes that run like mice
Bewitched by light; else on those keys—
My tombs of song—you should engrave:
"My music, stronger than his own,
Has made this poet my dumb slave."

W. H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Method of Henry James." By Professor J. Warren Beach. (Yale University Press and Humphrey Milford. 8s. 6d. net.)
- "Eminent Victorians." By Lytton Strachey. (Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Finance and Trade under Edward III." By Members of the History School. Edited by George Unwin, M.A. (Manchester University Press and Longmans Green. 15s. net.)
- "Motley and Other Poems." By Walter de la Mare. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "Three Aspects of the Russian Revolution." By Emile Vandervelde. Translated by Jean E. H. Findlay. (Allen & Unwin. 5s. net.)
- "Industrial Fatigue." By Lord Henry Bentinck, M.P. (P. S. King & Son. 6d. net.)
- "Piccadilly Jim." A Novel. By P. G. Wodehouse. (Jenkins. 6s. net.)

* * *

"If we reflect on the turn that education has taken, we may find cause for alarm at this universal rage for disciplining the youthful hope of Britain," wrote the author of "Letters to a Young Lady," in 1806. There was an echo of Mrs. West's complaint in some of Colonel Wedgwood's criticisms of the new Education Bill, which he declared, during the debate in Committee, to be "rather a scheme for training children to become useful producers of wealth than a scheme for producing a national improvement in the real education of the people of the country." Mr. Fisher's assurances in reply that the policy of the Bill is not to scrap general education, but to give to every child the kind of education for which it is fitted, brought him, too, into line with the education expert of all the ages. For, on general principles, reformers of education can always agree. No one ever thought of disputing Locke's belief in a "love of truth for truth's sake" as the general basis of all education. Yet it was Locke who found so little truth in his generation that, ironically denying that the world contained very many wrong opinions, he explained that this was not because mankind is uniform in embracing Truth, but because the majority have no thought or opinion of any kind about those doctrines concerning which they raise the greatest clamor. "And," he wrote just before his death to a young man:—

"Though the prospect life has given me be what I would not for anything be without—there is so much irresistible truth, beauty, and consistency in it—yet it is for one of your age to set about it, as a work you would put in order, and oblige the world with."

How gladly would we all set about it and put it into order, if we could agree in our practice as easily as in our principles of education!

* * *

THERE is, however, one common ground on which education fanatics seem able to meet. They can generally be counted upon to condemn the particular system of which they themselves were victims—unless, indeed, their own school or college be attacked by the outsider, when they instantly adopt the attitude of the pacifist who, as Mr. Bertrand Russell wittily remarked, is opposed to every war except the one that is going on. But I suppose the normal tendency is to cast the blame for our failure in achievement upon those who had the charge of our education in youth, as we used to impute the bewildering unhappiness of childhood to the grown-up conspiracy with which we thought we were surrounded. Of course, the sense of failure is not always sincere (and the danger of insisting upon it, as I once heard Pett Ridge remind himself, is that you may be believed)—as when Horace Walpole, perhaps the greatest reader of his time, declared his contempt for well-read men. "Young men ought to be made scholars," he cried, "lest they grow to reverence learned blockheads, and think there is any merit in having read more foolish books than other folks." But Horace Walpole was clearly not an education expert, or he would not have recommended books to the younger generation to cure them of a respect for reading. He would have eliminated books from the curriculum altogether, and substituted the lathe and the fretsaw.

REDUCE any fine theory of education to a system, and there will always be clamor. Yet one may be permitted to wonder if the system really matters very much. The literary giants of the Victorian Age were presumably fostered, at least in their early years, on ridiculous primers of scrappy knowledge, like Blair's "Preceptor" and "Evenings at Home." "The first aim of education is to make us good Christians, its second to prepare us for performing our social duties," wrote the artless Mrs. West to her Young Lady. And we can well believe it, turning back the pages of those early nineteenth-century school books. "The enjoyment of private property is the stimulus of industry and the foundation of social order," teaches Blair's "Preceptor" (1826), thus preparing us for its further bland admission that the lamentable deficiency shown in the excess of population over food production "has been met hitherto by privations of the manufacturing poor." Social duties were perhaps inculcated by such passages as these—and Christian duty by the naïve information that "Rectors and Vicars receive great or small tithes," but "Curates receive a salary for doing the clerical duty." It is difficult to say whether the child learned to be a good Christian or only to be a social success by studying a dialogue "On Man" (1816), in which a dreadful little prig called Charles—by no stretch of imagination could we think of him as Charley, whether on the film or in bonny Scotland—asks his father: "Pray, sir, how is man defined?" By a process of exhaustion, dismissing on the way, for instance, the theory that man is a bird, Charles arrives at the simple conclusion that he is "a digitated quadruped that generally goes upon its hind legs." Charles probably was.

* * *

It is a pity some of our Jingoes were not born in time to be nurtured on these early manuals. Following close upon an account of the way birds build their nests—I suppose by some mental process of connection with the reputed agreement that prevails in nests when built—comes this so-called "Observation," also in Blair's "Preceptor":—

"Man, however, disgraces his intellectual character by engaging in frequent wars of aggression, malice, and ambition. Nor are such wars confined to the savage tribes of his species; but are often wantonly engaged in by nations that boast the highest civilization."

But the Jingo was not born too late to imbibe the innocent Imperialism of "The Child's Guide to Knowledge"—that is, if he was industrious enough ever to reach the last page of it, on which the Britannia of our copper coinage is described.

* * *

SOMEONE reminded a critic during the Education debate that the new Bill applies to girls as well as to boys. The reminder is still needed when education experts get together. Yet Sir William FitzOsborne, writing to a woman-hating friend, as far back as 1738, thought that women "might be taught to turn the course of their reflections into a proper and advantageous channel without any danger of rendering them too elevated for the feminine duties of life." Disclaiming any desire to make them learned, he felt it might be "necessary that they should be raised above ignorance," and to this end recommended:—

"a general tincture of the most useful sciences as may serve to free the mind from vulgar prejudices, and give it a relish for the rational exercise of its powers."

In this he seems to anticipate the charming discursiveness of "The Child's Guide," which frees the mind from vulgar prejudices by describing a pilgrimage to Mecca on the same page that it gives a general tincture of useful science by explaining the use of balsam as "to strengthen the stomach and excite the spirits." Blair's "Preceptor," too, must have been calculated to raise any little girl above ignorance without making her exactly learned. In this "piece" in the Mythology section, for instance:—

"Juno, the sister and wife of Jupiter, was famous for her jealousy, her implacable revenge, and her quarrels with Jupiter. She was worshipped with solemnity as the protectress of married women."

Would this, I should like to know, meet Mrs. West's definition of the first aim of education? It might well drive a shocked little scholar into becoming a good Christian. But what about it as a preparation for performing her social duties? Truly, there is no chance for the educational theory when reduced to the plain terms of "lessons."

E. S.

MEN AND MOODS

By EDWARD ANTON

I HAVE just delivered myself from one of those "moods" to which, as a Celt, I am somewhat liable.

I wish to emphasize that I "delivered myself," which describes the process exactly. Time was when I waited for my moods to pass; now I end them at will. It means much to me, and it is one of the many reasons why I think so highly of Pelmanism as an instrument of self-mastery.

All of us suffer—consciously or unconsciously—from "moods," in great or less degree. And the man or woman who has learnt the secret of mood-mastery has acquired knowledge which not only adds largely to his or her working capacity, but also to the capacity for interest, pleasure, and even happiness.

"Moods are the fog-banks of the mind; impeding progress and perverting vision. They are induced by a diversity of causes, into the nature of which it is not my intention to inquire here; it is their effect that I am presently considering.

If I illustrate my remarks by reference to my own case, it will, I hope, be understood that I do so not from egotism but from a desire to speak from experience.

A retrospective survey of my forty-odd years of existence shows me that up to the date of my introduction to the Pelman Course, I have been greatly the victim of "moods"; gloomy moods, impulsive moods, irritable moods, lavish moods, irresponsible moods, moods of inexcusable optimism, moods of the deepest self-distrust. And I daresay there are many thousands of men and women who, whether they recognize it or not, are equally handicapped by their wretched perversions of mentality which we call "moods."

"I can't help it," we often say, "it's my nature." Just so have I often attempted to excuse myself for a word or an action which I could not defend. "It's my nature!"

We libel "nature" and we belittle ourselves in uttering such an infamous phrase. It is not "nature" that is to blame: it is our self-ignorance. The majority of us, successful or unsuccessful, are deplorably ignorant of those forces which constitute our personality and make us individuals. Strange that in an age which prides itself upon its spirit of investigation we should have been so remiss in getting to know what there is to be known about *ourselves*!

But Pelmanism is changing all this, and in doing so is showing us not only how to abolish certain undesirable moods, but even teaching us how to produce other moods which are desirable and profitable.

Let us get back to our "awful example"—myself. I was most conscious of my handicap where it affected my work. When I was "in the mood" for work I worked well; but the moods, alas! were all too infrequent. They would come unannounced and would depart abruptly; I could not depend upon myself.

That disability has been conquered, thanks to Pelmanism, and I may, without affectation, claim to be able to produce my best work at will. There is no need to dilate upon the enormous advantage this has been to me—an advantage which I can translate not only in terms of £ s. d. (the usual criterion), but, what is of more significance to me, in sentiment and self-esteem.

Even upon these occasions when I could honestly say that my "mood" had been partly, if not wholly, induced by bad health, I have found "Pelmanising" result in an astonishing betterment; enabling me to overcome my mental inertia, and, by reaction, improving my physical condition.

This may probably seem difficult of belief to some of my readers, but there are the simple facts—and they are amply corroborated by the voluntary evidence of hundreds of other "Pelmanists."

Let us take another phase—the dissatisfied, restless mood which, intervening, makes work, pleasure, interest, or recreation impossible; "a feeling that you don't know what you want," as I have heard it described. Here again I have achieved conquest, and am able to put the "mood" to rout as soon as I am conscious of it. How much that has meant to me in the last few years it would be difficult to estimate.

Irritability—another supposedly "natural" feeling—was a severe handicap which I have successfully "Pelmanised," but here the battle is not yet completely won. Of the ultimate issue, however, I have not the slightest doubt.

The net result is to give me a feeling of power that I never remember possessing previously—not even in my supremely confident boyish days. I know now what I can make myself do—and I do it. I do not wait miserably upon Chance, Mood, Circumstance, Environment, or any

other of the bogies which cripple and nullify human effort—I appoint my work, I command my mood, and I achieve satisfaction.

Let me repeat that these notes are penned in no egotistical spirit. I want readers of THE NATION to realise that "Pelmanism" may well represent something of far more moment to them, personally, than they may have yet realised. It is simply the impossibility of explaining in a column or two the immense range of limitless possibilities of the System which compels certain popular phrases of "Pelmanism" to receive more frequent mention than others.

Ability to induce a working mood at will is a distinctly valuable gain; but there are others. The Pelmanist who faithfully applies the principles of the Course can don a mood suited to every occasion. Interest, sympathy, criticism, appreciation, contemplation—all these various moods or mental attitudes may be cultivated; perhaps not always with the same degree of success but invariably to a certain degree.

Confidence is, probably, the mood which most matters for the majority of men and women, and I will quote what was recently written upon this matter by a Pelman student (a traffic manager on a big Northern Railway System):—

"The Pelman Course breathes confidence from the beginning . . . confidence to attain the object in view, confidence in what the student is taught, and confidence in himself.

"What self-confidence means can only be appreciated by those who have known the lack of it. To have failed—not from lack of ability but from lack of self-confidence—at a time which marked the making or the marring of a career, is an agony which takes a long time to drive from the mind.

"To the self-doubter the Pelman Course is a boon and a blessing. It opens a new outlook on life, it sends one forth rejoicing in a new-found strength. I am—I ought—I CAN."

Those are words written straight from the heart; they should be well pondered by every man and every woman who has so far failed to find a footing on the ladder of success.

The financial, business, and professional advantages have been so much explained and so liberally evidenced that, I suppose, no reader of THE NATION requires further assurance on that matter from my pen. Equally, enough has been said of the "pull" which Pelmanism confers upon the Army or Navy officer or man. I regard these triumphs—solid and substantial as they are—as "theatrical effects" compared with the deep and lasting change which the study of this remarkable System can and does produce in the inner life of the individual.

Financial, business, professional, and social considerations do not represent the main considerations in life. Our vocations and our social amenities constitute but a part of our daily lives. It is of infinitely greater importance to be able to command a happy, contented frame of mind, to be able to take a living interest in the world around us, to be able to develop and control *ourselves*, than it is to double our incomes or achieve professional advancement.

Thus, for the time being, I set commercial inducements aside and invite readers of THE NATION to consider the matter of Pelmanism from the higher plane. Every man and every woman with a proper degree of self pride can, and should hasten to, profit by the adoption of the simple and scientifically sound principles laid down in the Pelman Course.

It is profoundly true that, as a student of the Course recently said, "If people only realised what Pelmanism was capable of effecting for them, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants."

There are, perhaps, a hundred strictly personal reasons why each or any reader of this page should become a Pelmanist, and I venture the statement that, if he or she realised it, any one of those hundred reasons would be sufficient if he or she could be brought to realise it! I have never yet met the man or woman who, having studied Pelmanism, has been in the least degree disappointed.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent gratis and post free, together with a reprint of "Truth's" famous report on the System and a form entitling readers of THE NATION to the complete Pelman Course at one-third less than the usual fees, on application to-day (a postcard will do) to the Pelman Institute, 97, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

Reviews.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

"Poems of Gray and Collins." Edited by AUSTIN LANE POOLE and CHRISTOPHER STONE. (Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

THERE seems to be a definite connection between good writing and indolence. The men whom we call stylists have, most of them, been idlers. From Horace to Robert Louis Stevenson, nearly all have been pigs from the sty of Epicurus. They have not, to use an excellent Anglo-Irish word, "industered" like insects or millionaires. The greatest men, one must admit, have mostly been as punctual at their labors as the sun—as fiery and inexhaustible. But, then, one does not think of the greatest writers as stylists. They are so much more than that. The style of Shakespeare is infinitely more marvellous than the style of Gray. But one hardly thinks of style in presence of the sea or a range of mountains or in reading Shakespeare. His munificent and gorgeous genius was as far above style as the statesmanship of Pericles or the sanctity of Joan of Arc was above good manners. The world has not endorsed Ben Jonson's retort to those who commended Shakespeare for never having "blotted out" a line: "Would he had blotted a thousand!" We feel that so vast a genius is beyond the perfection of control we look for in a stylist. There may be badly-written scenes in Shakespeare, and pot-house jokes, and wordy hyperboles, but with all this there are enchanted continents left in him which we may continue to explore though we live to be a hundred.

The fact that the noble impatience of a Shakespeare is above our fault-finding, however, must not be used to disparage the lazy patience of good writing. An Æschylus or a Shakespeare, a Browning or a Dickens, conquers us with an abundance like nature's. He feeds us out of a horn of plenty. This, unfortunately, is possible only to writers of the first order. The others, when they attempt profusion, become fluent rather than abundant, facile of ink rather than generous of golden grain. Who does not agree with Pope that Dryden, though not Shakespeare, would have been a better poet if he had learned:—

"The last and greatest art—the art to blot?"

Who is there who would not rather have written a single ode of Gray's than all the poetical works of Southey? If voluminousness alone made a man a great writer, we should have to canonize Lord Lytton. The truth is, literary genius has no rule either of voluminousness or of the opposite. The genius of one writer is a world ever moving. The genius of another is a garden often still. The greatest genius is undoubtedly of the former kind. But as there is hardly enough genius of this kind to fill a wall, much less a library, we may well encourage the lesser writers to cultivate their gardens, and, in the absence of the wilder tumult of creation, to delight us with blooms of leisurely phrase and quiet thought.

Gray and Collins were both writers who labored in little gardens. Collins, indeed, had a small flower-bed—perhaps only a pot, indeed—rather than a garden. He produced in it one perfect bloom—the "Ode to Evening." The rest of his work is carefully written, inoffensive, historically interesting. But his continual personification of abstract ideas makes the greater part of his verse lifeless as allegories or as sculpture in a graveyard. He was a romantic, an inventor of new forms, in his own day. He seems academic to ours. His work is that of a man striking an attitude rather than of one expressing the depths of a passionate nature. He is always careful not to confess. His "Ode to Fear" does not admit us to any of the secrets of his maniacal and melancholy breast. It is an anticipation of the factitious gloom of Byron, not of the nerve-shattered gloom of Dostoevsky. Collins, we cannot help feeling, says in it what he does not really think. He glorifies fear as though it were the better part of imagination, going so far as to end his Ode with the lines:—

"O thou whose spirit most possessed,
The sacred seat of Shakespeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke
In thy divine emotions spoke:
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once, like him, to feel;
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!"

We have only to compare these lines with Claudio's terrible speech about death in "Measure for Measure" to see the difference between pretence and passion in literature. Shakespeare had no fear of telling us what he knew about fear. Collins lived in a more reticent century, and attempted to fob off a disease on us as an accomplishment. What perpetually delights us in the "Ode to Evening" is that here at least Collins can tell the truth without falsification or chilling rhetoric. Here he is writing of the world as he has really seen it and been moved by it. He still makes use of personifications, but they have been transmuted by his emotion into imagery. In these exquisite formal unrhymed lines, Collins has summed up his view and dream of life. One knows that he was not lying or bent upon expressing any other man's experiences but his own when he described how the:—

"Air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn."

He speaks here, not in the stiffness of rhetoric, but in the liberty of a new mood, never, for all he knew or cared, expressed before. As far as all the rest of his work is concerned, his passion for style is more or less wasted. But the "Ode to Evening" justifies both his pains and his indolence. As for the pains he took with his work, we have it on the authority of Thomas Warton that "all his odes . . . had the marks of repeated correction: he was perpetually changing his epithets." As for his indolence, his uncle, Colonel Martin, thought him "too indolent even for the Army," and advised him to enter the Church—a step from which he was dissuaded, we are told, by "a tobacconist in Fleet Street." For the rest, he was the son of a hatter, and went mad. He is said to have haunted the cloisters of Chichester Cathedral during his fits of melancholia, and to have uttered a strange accompaniment of groans and howls during the playing of the organ. The Castle of Indolence was for Collins no keep of the pleasures. One may doubt if it is ever this for any artist. Did not even Horace attempt to escape into Stoicism? Did not Stevenson write "Pulvis et Umbra?"

Assuredly Gray, though he was as fastidious in his appetites as Collins was wild, cannot be called in as a witness to prove the Castle of Indolence a happy place. "Low spirits," he wrote, when he was still an undergraduate, "are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and return as I do; nay, and pay visits, and will even affect to be jocose, and force a feeble laugh with me." The end of the sentence shows (as do his letters, indeed, and his verses on the drowning of Horace Walpole's cat) that his indolent melancholy was not without its compensations. He was a wit, an observer of himself and the world about him, a man who wrote letters that have the genius of the essay. Further, he was Horace Walpole's friend, and (while his father had a devil in him) his mother and his aunts made a circle of quiet tenderness into which he could always retire. "I do not remember," Mr. Gosse has said of Gray, "that the history of literature presents us with the memoirs of any other poet favored by nature with so many aunts as Gray possessed." This delicious sentence contains an important criticism of Gray. Gray was a poet of the sheltered life. His genius was shy and retiring. He had no ambition to thrust himself upon the world. He kept himself to himself, as the saying is. He published the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" in 1751 only because the editors of the "Magazine of Magazines" had got hold of a copy and Gray was afraid that they would publish it first. How lethargic a poet Gray was may be gathered from the fact that he began the "Elegy" as far back as 1746—Mason says it was begun in August, 1742—and did not finish it until June 12th, 1750. Probably there is no other short poem in English literature which was brooded over for so many seasons. Nor was there ever a greater



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justification for patient brooding. Gray in this poem liberated the English imagination after half a century of prose and rhetoric. He restored poetry to its true function as the confession of an individual soul. Wordsworth has blamed Gray for introducing, or at least, assisting to introduce, the curse of poetic diction into English literature. But poetic diction was in use long before Gray. He is remarkable among English poets, not for having succumbed to poetic diction, but for having triumphed over it. It is poetic feeling, not poetic diction, that distinguishes him from the mass of eighteenth-century writers. It is an interesting coincidence that Gray and Collins should have brought about a poetic revival by the rediscovery of the beauty of evening, just as Mr. Yeats and "A. E." brought about a poetic revival in our own day by the rediscovery of the beauty of twilight. Both schools of poetry (if it is permissible to call them schools) found in the stillness of the evening a natural refuge for the individual soul from the tyrannical prose of common day. There have been critics, including Matthew Arnold, who have denied that the "Elegy" is the greatest of Gray's poems. This, I think, can only be because they have been unable to see the poetry for the quotations. No other poem that Gray ever wrote was a miracle. "The Bard" is a masterpiece of imaginative rhetoric. But the "Elegy" is more than this. It is an autobiography and the creation of a world for the hearts of men. Here Gray delivers the secret doctrine of the poets. Here he escapes out of the eighteenth century into immortality. One realizes what an effort it must have been to rise above his century when one reads an earlier version of some of his most famous lines:—

"Some village Cato (—) with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Tully here may rest;
Some Cæsar guiltless of his country's blood."

Could there be a more effective example of the return to reality than we find in the final shape of this verse?

"Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest.
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

It is as though suddenly it had been revealed to Gray that poetry is not a mere literary exercise but the image of reality; that it does not consist in vain admiration of models far off in time and place, but that it is as near to one as one's breath and one's country. Not that the "Elegy" would have been one of the great poems of the world if it had never plunged deeper into the heart than in this verse. It is a poem of beauty and sorrow that cannot be symbolized by such public figures as Cromwell and Milton. Here the genius of the parting day, and all that it means to the imagination, its quiet movement and its music, its pensiveness and its regrets, have been given a form more lasting than bronze. Perhaps the poem owes a part of its popularity to the fact that it is a great homily, though a homily transfigured. But then does not "Hamlet" owe a great part of its popularity to the fact that it is (among other things) a great blood-and-thunder play with duels and a ghost?

One of the so-called mysteries of literature is the fact that Gray, having written so greatly, should have written so little. He spoke of himself as a "shrimp of an author," and expressed the fear that his works might be mistaken for those of "a pismire or a flea." But to make a mystery of the indolence of a rather timid, idle, and unadventurous scholar, who was blessed with more fastidiousness than passion, is absurd. To say perfectly once and for all what one has to say is surely as fine an achievement as to keep restlessly trying to say it a thousand times over. Gray was no blabber. It is said that he did not even let his mother and his aunts know that he wrote poetry. He lacked boldness, volubility, and vital energy. He stood aside from life. He would not even take money from his publishers for his poetry. No wonder that he earned the scorn of Dr. Johnson, who said of him to Boswell, "Sir, he was dull in his company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made many think him great." Luckily, Gray's reserve tempted him into his own heart and into external nature for safety and consola-

tion. Johnson could see in him only a "mechanical poet." To most of us he seems the first natural poet in modern literature.

ROBERT LYND.

A QUAKER LEADER.

"Man's Relation to God." By JOHN WILHELM ROWNTREE.
(Headley. 1s. 6d. net.)

It is not every posthumous volume of religious essays that is reprinted, after a dozen years, in a smaller and neater and more compassable form. But John Wilhelm Rowntree was a man who in his thirty-seven years did something. The Quakers, for their numbers, have more biographies than any other section of the Church—a curious fact, for which one does not at first guess the reason. Mohammedans have written history, copiously and ably, from the first; but, where outsiders have not written the story of India, it has perished—Hindus do not write history. Probably the Hindu will count it illusion, while for the Muslim it is the doing of Allah. When one reflects that for the Quaker every man's life is, or ought to be, some record of personal relations with God, one reason at least would emerge for the abundance of Quaker biographies. Of John Wilhelm Rowntree there appear to have been two, of one sort and another, and what is prefixed to this volume is a compound of the pair of them.

Rowntree's name suggests cocoa and York, and with cocoa and York he began, coming of a long line of Quaker ancestors, and connected on the mother's side with the Seeböhms, descendants of a Swedish officer of Gustavus Adolphus. Family legends recall his early revolt against the wallpaper of some Scarborough lodgings; and through life, like others who have influenced men, and perhaps unlike the Quaker of fiction (and some Quakers of reality who, perhaps, modelled themselves on that pattern) he liked to have things beautiful about him; and he had them. He was not quite a model boy—not a family peacemaker, it is said; but though hampered from the start by deafness, and so far shut out of some part of school life, he early showed energy and vitality of mind. He meant things to move, and did not wait for them to do so; he set them going. Then came business and marriage—life, in short, with every opening for humdrum and fiction that these opportunities offer; but he did not take them. The passionate boy developed into a self-controlled and sympathetic man, "well-concerned," as Quakers say—or, in the language of the world, occupied with the thought of what he personally could do and must do to mend things round him, to help people to greater happiness and equipment of mind and body.

"We want," he wrote in 1897, "to translate Christ into modern terms—to make Him real, and to present Him in such a way that the appeal shall command the intellect and take a practical hold of life." To this end he wrote such papers, lectures, and addresses as are printed in this little book, and much more; for his short life was full of contacts with men. Here and there the ordinary reader will notice the tone which Quakers who write and speak seem to find it hard to escape when they allude to the ministries of other churches. Really those ministries are not quite so bad as they make out; and John Wilhelm Rowntree's last ten years are a curious commentary on some things of his that his friends have printed on those ministries. In 1899, at Birmingham, he pointed out to a great "Summer School" of Quakers—he and his friends had held their first at Scarborough in 1897—that the ministers of other churches as a rule took the trouble to be trained in their colleges on the history of Christian thought and on the movements of Christian scholarship; the Quakers, he reminded them, had no colleges for the training of such a ministry, and had no ministers, nor anybody else, who, *ex hypothesi*, was expected to lead and educate the society along these lines. If Christ was to be "translated into modern terms" for them, they must do it themselves. Those summer schools were a strong lead in that direction, and out of them in a few years developed the oddly-named "Woodbroke Settlement," which is not a settlement at all, but a college in a beautiful garden, well outside Birmingham, yet not too far from the squalors of Selly Oak. In that college hangs Rowntree's picture; he, if anyone, is the founder; and there along the lines of modern study and practical reflective

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service the ministry of the Society of Friends is being trained to some purpose.

We have left little space for Rowntree's lectures. Much that he says is very like what our best religious leaders tell us and have been telling us. But, as Professor Rufus Jones indicates, he is a voice and not an echo. He does get things into that quiet atmosphere of sanity and fact in which the modern man does his best thinking; and in that air and on those terms gives reasons for the faith in him. "Let us endeavor," he says, "to keep to the rules we have laid down, and express in as simple language as may be, what is involved in the removal of sin as a barrier between man and God." "You cannot dig a huge hole in history and expect us to be satisfied if no attempt is made to fill it up"—this in reply to Mr. J. M. Robertson. Such was the man. His lectures show him for what he was, and his spirit lives on in what he set going.

WE GALLOPED ALL THREE.

'My American Visit.' By the Right Hon. Sir FREDERICK SMITH, Bart., K.C., M.P. (Hutchinson. 6s. net.)

OBSERVERS of our political life have often remarked upon the frequency with which the faculty of persistent and domineering talk ruins the counsels of the nation. Everyone has seen the House of Commons galvanized by this means into approval of unexplained and indefensible action; rumor mutters of Cabinets struggling like flies in treacle to escape the sticky flood; and the sudden glory of laughter in court or church probably derives its brightness from the fact that it interrupts the deadly rhythm of the orator. Except in the branch of religious revivalism, the free exchange of rhetoricians operated but seldom in past times between the United States of America and this country. It was only the emergencies of war which moved the Government, by the mouth of Sir Edward Carson and the Prime Minister, and with the express approval of Lord Northcliffe, to detach the Attorney-General from the Prize Court and the prosecution of unbridled tongues and pens, and to send him forth as the evangelist of patriotism. Sir Frederick (who seems to be in process of sacrificing his second initial) was accompanied by two private secretaries, and the trio covered in a few weeks seven thousand miles by land and as many by sea, performing in that period to enthusiastic American and Canadian audiences no less than thirty variations on the main themes of mobilization, maximum output, and *moral*.

History has not given, or has withheld from publication, her verdict upon the results. It is difficult to record private laughter in history. But it is impossible not to admire a process so strenuous and a programme so punctually executed. Time was even found for the play-house, the supper party, skating, tennis, and bridge. "The United States, like Great Britain and like suffering France, is not prepared to immolate the spirit of social gaiety and the relaxations of pleasures, even in face of the Moloch of this war." A complete chapter of the record of the tour is devoted to the problem of conflict between "the philosophy of Nishapur—which Fitzgerald paraphrased" and the spirit which nourishes its enthusiasm on "hundreds of glasses of water containing lumps of ice." The missionaries were not immune from other discomforts. Intense cold prevailed, and Chicago met them with a blizzard of unexampled severity. There was acute dislocation of the train services, an ominous circumstance, which leads us to hope that the grosser forms of war material were being accorded priority over the spiritual munitions of the Attorney-General. At one station, in the small hours, Sir Frederick "was finally seen fast asleep on a bench, between two people who were speaking German and eating oranges." He was rescued from this compromising situation by "one of the best-known 'movey' photographers in the States," who joined the party at Washington, and to whom we owe a series of handsome portraits of the chief figure, in cloth-topped boots and a bowler hat, in a Balaclava helmet, in the costume of the tennis-court, or rising in a lounge suit from a ground-fog of bald heads at a lunch in Ottawa, or sprinting bareheaded along a snow-bound and desolate railroad.

Of the long series of speeches only one is preserved for us in full, the address on International Law and a League

of Nations, delivered to the New York State Bar Association. Those who can recollect the essential features of the maiden speech which was launched at the vast majority in our 1906 Parliament by the champion of civil order will read without surprise such passages as these on the origins of Public International Law:—

"It is obvious that if heralds had not been protected from violence the career of a herald would gradually have ceased to attract (laughter); and, therefore, in elementary communities, international intercourse would have been difficult if not impossible. You will remember that in the Old Testament, when the ambassadors of David were sent back with one side of their beards shaved off, it was generally felt that the matter had been carried too far. (Loud laughter.)"

It is the unmistakable voice of the scholar of Wadham, the star performer of the Union and the Unionists, the skilled and incorrigible advocate who is completely at home in the exercise of a talent for invective, whose "only object is to call attention to the dangers of trusting to rhetoric alone, to the immense difficulties which attend in practice the proposal to form an effective League of Nations." Life is full of surprises for men of this type. The gesture with which Great Britain entered the war, so noble and so remote that we can hardly preserve its impression, the gesture with which America sunk the identity of her Army in the Allied Forces in France, are based upon another philosophy. Sir Frederick Smith, who was busy in the early days of the war in setting up the two-handed engine of the Press Bureau, retains a virginal astonishment at "the list of men of great rank or possessions who, instead of going away sorrowful, immediately enlisted in the ranks." They include the sons of ministers and millionaires, the forty-year-old President of a Trust, and a man "worth, roughly, eighty million dollars." But he jingles the light, bright, small change of speech with an attractive air, and we could have wished for more than a passing reference to the informal and unreported occasion on which he permitted himself "what the late Mr. Stevenson commended as 'a little judicious levity.'" His higher flights are dogged by Icarian destiny. Canada, which had last been visited in the company of Lord Beaverbrook, reminds him how, "in the very darkest periods of the South African War, Canada had sprung to arms with a devotion and a passion which should have struck the imagination of the whole world"; recalls to him the popular metaphor of 1914, though now it is "the steam-roller of affliction" which "has passed over Belgium, Serbia, and Roumania"; and brings him crashing to earth in the unfortunate peroration:—

"And musing upon the incomparable efforts made by that daughter, who is yet 'mistress in her own house,' we may exclaim:—

'Mater pulchra filia pulchrior.'

Our new car, amongst other comforts, contains a bath. I cannot imagine why every private car does not possess a shower-bath."

As a rule, international amity accorded to Sir Frederick the first place in the list of speakers on each occasion. He yielded, on good cause being shown, to Colonel Roosevelt, who asked for thirty minutes and spoke for seventy-five; for he "felt that the Colonel was a man of world-wide distinction. He had been twice President of the United States. He had been the friend of kings and the adviser of emperors. I had never heard him speak on an important occasion." There is a limit, too, to the capacity of mankind for the absorption of oratory, and, as we almost expected Sir Frederick to mention, "Palmas qui meruit ferat":—

"The Solicitor-General followed me. I think it is always hard to speak second at a great meeting, where the first speaker has inevitably taken the earliest enthusiasm of the hearers."

Into this brilliant and unanimous world of law, society, and administration, the men who are not talkative, who merely get mutilated as private soldiers, or labor excessively in the munition factories, do not intrude their grimy and unpolished comments. There are no poor people in Sir Frederick Smith's moving pictures except the friends whom he calls "poor" because they are dead, and no common expressions in his periods except the commonplaces which adhere to him from the study of Tacitus, Virgil, Horace, and Juvenal.

ARMENIA'S AWFUL AGONY.

The following telegram from Tiflis, dated March 29, 1918, explains the need for prompt, vigorous and generous action:—

"There is extremely critical political situation in the Caucasus. The Turkish advance terrifies the Armenians. There is danger that the whole Armenian race will be exterminated should the combination of these forces be successful. Should the Armenians be rightly directed and financed there is among them great potential military force, and this would furnish a reasonable hope that the race might be preserved by their own efforts. I am about to leave now for the front, to build up a system of transportation by ambulance, to reorganise and maintain hospitals. My appointment as Red Cross Commissioner has been requested by Consul Smith. Men from the locality, who are available, will be able to relieve great suffering. There is no one else to meet the necessities. To make a beginning the sum of \$400,000 and \$100,000 monthly will be necessary. Everyone is working beyond his strength, but nevertheless they are enthusiastic and their strength is good for relief work."

(Signed) YARROW
(American Red Cross Commissioner.)

Our own Agents are on the spot and working with the American Red Cross Society.

Please send your help to the

ARMENIAN REFUGEES (Lord Mayor's) FUND
96, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W. 1.

THE SWARTHMORE LECTURE, 1918.

The above Lecture will be delivered at the Friends' Meeting House, 136, Bishopsgate, London, E.C., by

LUCY F. MORLAND, B.A.,

On **TUESDAY, MAY 21st.**

SUBJECT:—

"The New Social Outlook."

The Chair will be taken at 6.30 p.m. by

WILLIAM LITTLEBOY.

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SPRING STYLES.

"Children of Earth." By DARRELL FIGGIS. (Maunsell. 5s. net.)

"Impossible People." By MRS. GEORGE WEMYSS. (Constable. 5s. net.)

"Jacqueline." By JOHN AYSKOUGH. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)

"Over the Hills and Far Away." By GUY FLEMING. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

THERE is one thing one never ought to forget about business literature—and it is that business and popular tastes are not identical. This sounds like one of those heresies quite Albigenian in its remoteness from reality, and subversive of the whole fabric of society. Unfortunately, the real crime of heresy is that it often happens to be true. For in literature, as in other commodities nowadays, the old Smilesian political economy has, like Max Beerbohm's caricature of Mr. Shaw, to be made to stand on its head. In a business world, that is to say, it is not the demand that creates the supply, but the supply that creates the demand. A demand for an article is worked up by a copious and ineluctable supply of it. That the public taste suffers in the process is sufficiently obvious. But for all that, it will never do to confuse this artificial demand with an actual want.

These novels represent a sort of compromise between popular taste as it is supposed to be and popular taste as it might be. Except the last of them, which surrenders with hardly a shot fired, they do make an attempt to write as if they had nobody to please but themselves. Their efforts are indeed failures, but it is, we think, possible to attribute such failures not so much to native incapacity as to their presumed necessity to perform certain rites in order to propitiate the fetish of "what the public wants." Mr. Figgis, for instance, would write far better, we think, if he could get rid of the notion that he has to supply the demands of "intellectuals" who not only know on which side their bread is buttered but like it thick. He obscures a quite charming story of the West of Ireland with layers of invocation to Mother Earth and an emphasis in language which might very well be mistaken for pretentiousness. "The unknowledgable night"; "The buffet of the wind on rock-face had a bluntness of sound quite different from the long, surging roar of the heather as it bowed beneath the scythes of air sweeping through them" (if such heather is to be found on sea, it is not, we fear, to be seen on land); "The texture of sound . . . was both organ-like and organic." These and other impressive examples in the same notation only get in Mr. Figgis's way. The "intelligentia" does not really demand them, or, if it does, it is not worth bothering about. On the contrary, it would far rather have its interesting story without all these trinkets attached. That story is so excellent in dialogue, so earnest in narrative, and so full of illuminating touches about Irish life, that over-stress was the last thing it needed.

If "Impossible People" is a failure, it is a gallant attempt. It is more than that. Being the story of a saintly parson and his wife, who do really try to live up to the Sermon on the Mount, it is decidedly original. But somehow its premisses are all wrong. The Templars adopt a child, Hope, whose principal characteristic is to regard her new parents in the light of "impossible people." But would a child view her adopted parents in this adult-detached spirit? Children take their parents for granted—they are part of the incomprehensible but unquestioned machinery of existence. They do not find their parents out, until they are old enough to make some kind of a conscious discovery of themselves. In such a home, too, a child would be at ease from the first, and would surely assimilate something of the benignity of her parents. Unless, indeed, the educational influence of environment means nothing at all, and heredity (Hope is the actual child of vulgar worldlings) is utterly ineradicable. The charm of the Templars, too, was appreciated by all the other young things who encountered them. Still, but for a prickly style (it is all points), Mrs. Wemyss has made a genuine effort to present us with a point of view that by no means tallies with what the poor public has been told over and over again that it craves.

"Jacqueline" is terribly high-toned. You are not on speaking terms with anything lower than a baronet and he

is not quite *comme il faut*. Jacqueline herself is a "de Bohun" and all the world knows that they could add the quarterings of the Houses of Valois, Leon, Castile and Aragon to their arms, were they not so thoroughly English. Jacqueline, therefore, if ancestry means anything at all, should have exercised more discrimination before she married Count Selvaggio, even though he can sing Swinburne so lusciously. For Count Selvaggio is a German spy, &c. Yet Mr. Ayscough tells his story with some elegance of manner and it seems a pity that he should not have remembered that fictional spies have, by glutting the market, somewhat dulled our appetite.

"Over the Hills and Far Away" is one of those restful books that may be divined by the chapter-headings. "The Minister," "I Meet a Highwayman," "Some Eavesdroppings," "Some Confessions," "My Own Affairs," "A Secret Mission," "The Duel," "Lord Glencairn Comes Home," "Love's Young Dream," "Out into the World," "A Momentous Journey," "On the Road," "At Morton Hall," "Love Flies Like a Bird from Tree to Tree," "Gentlemen of the Road," "On the Road to London," "The Money-Lender," "I meet an Old Acquaintance," "In Hiding," "Miss Radcliffe Again," "The Flight," "A Sea Fight," "Going North Again," "Home at the Castle," "Complications," "The Rhymer's Glen," "The Dead Dog Riots," "A Strange Meeting," "Family Matters," "The Discovery" ("I am really a Lord!"), "The End." To complete the sense of atmosphere and to add a suggestion that economy of speech is not quite Mr. Fleming's strong point, there remains a specimen of the style—"Just like one o'clock, sir," I said, using a phrase which was meant to show that I was not only ready and willing, but eager to do him a service, although I do not know whether it conveyed that impression." If Mr. Fleming would not assume that he must stop to explain the obvious, his romance would have got even more rattle in it than it has already.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Imperial British Navy." By H. C. FERRABY. (Jenkins. 6s.)

MR. FERRABY thinks imperially. His stern cast of thought may be so forbidding to simple mortals now wishing their lives had begun on a planet where Imperialists were not permitted to think aloud that they may decline to listen to what he has to say on the welding of the Colonial Navies into a "homogeneous Imperial whole." This would be a pity because Mr. Ferraby, who has studied naval matters, has much useful information to impart, though he does try to conceal it behind sentences like: The sea "is the heart of the Empire; the ebb and flow of its tides are the pulsating of the blood through the whole body." When Mr. Ferraby is not pulsating he is able to give a lively account of the sinking of the "Emden" by the "Sydney," the first action between a Dominion ship and an enemy. Mr. Ferraby, looking forward "into the new world that is in the making," sees no sign that "the struggle for the balance of power . . . will be for ever abolished." Humanity will forget what mankind has suffered. And the simple mortal, having read the book, will be left wondering what Mr. Ferraby conceives as a new world in the making.

"Cambridge Papers." By W. ROUSE BALL. (Macmillan. 6s.)

MR. BALL is a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who has written extensively on mathematics. In this book he presents himself as historian, or, rather, as an unemotional recorder of facts in the story of Trinity College, which is not the same thing. There is no fine recital in these papers; the figures merely. Mr. Rouse Ball's interest in his college is such that he has collected all there is to be known about it. He must feel some emotion about the subject or he would not have gone to the trouble of collocation; but he communicates no emotion to the reader. He supplies the material, the reader must do the rest. The title of one paper: "A Christmas Journey in 1319," sounds promising, but again the reader must do the fundamental part, for Mr. Ball gives him nothing but an account book of the expenses. He does once remark, in an account on the tutorial system,

Venereal Disease.

The importance of Early Treatment.

*Issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases.
President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The
Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D.
Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E.
General Secretary, Mrs. Gotto, O.B.E.*

Is it any use going for treatment if a risk of infection has been taken and before symptoms appear?

Yes. If early treatment is given by the Doctor *within a few hours* it is overwhelmingly probable that the disease can be prevented altogether.

How long does Gonorrhœa last?

It may be three weeks or three years—or even a lifetime, if neglected. Much depends upon prompt treatment and the conscientious carrying out of the Doctor's orders.

How long does Syphilis last?

Two years upwards before the patient can be finally cured. It can be dealt with effectively *if treated early*, but if it is neglected and reaches the later stages the disease affects the entire body, and the patient may become a wreck for life. "Eaten up with Syphilis" is not merely a term of speech but a literal fact.

If these facts were more widely known there would be an immediate decrease in these terrible diseases.

But what is actually happening? Ignorance is taking its awful toll of innocent victims. Men who imagine themselves cured marry and pass on the disease to their brides, so that Marriage itself becomes a tragedy. Others delay treatment until cure is almost impossible. Parents, in their ignorance, pass on inherited Syphilis or Gonorrhœa to their children.

These things may shock you. If they do, is it not time to help? Can you look on and allow them to happen, or will you take your part in stamping out Venereal Diseases by supporting the National Council?

Large funds are needed to safeguard the innocent and to enlighten the ignorant; to promote the setting up of free treatments and to prevent the spread of infection. Will you assist by sending a cheque in support of this important National work?

Cheques should be made payable to Major DARWIN, Hon. Treasurer, and be forwarded to National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

How long is it before the symptoms develop?

In the case of Syphilis, usually ten days to six weeks. In the case of Gonorrhœa, three days to ten days.

Can a parent pass on disease to the children?

Yes. Syphilis is the commonest cause of miscarriage. When the children are born alive they are saturated with the disease, may become physical and mental degenerates, and often die young. A very large number are born or become blind as the result of Gonorrhœa.

Are Venereal Diseases serious?

Syphilis is one of the chief of the "killing diseases." It also leads to all kinds of dangerous complications. It is one of the most important of the maiming diseases, and it shortens life by the dangerous complications which it causes. One half of the blindness in the country is due to Gonorrhœa. This disease is also a frequent cause of sterility in men and women.

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that he is sorely tempted to add various anecdotes, but he steps from the path of that temptation.

* * *

"The Navy in Mesopotamia: 1914 to 1917." By CONRAD CATO. (Constable. 3s. 6d.)

LIEUT.-COMMANDER COOKSON, R.N., found that "he could not send a man over the ship's side to cut away the obstruction, because it meant certain death, so he took an axe and went himself." General Townshend described the affair in this laconic style. Mr. Cato fills in the details. Across the river, near Kut, the Turks had placed an obstruction consisting of a maheilah in the centre with an iron lighter on each side, joined by wire-hawsers. Cookson, in command of the "Comet," was sent to remove the obstacle by cutting the moorings. The "Comet" was greeted with point-blank fire from both banks. Signalmen Wallis, who was in an exposed position, wounded, and unable to stand, propped himself against something and carried on with his signal. The "Comet" ranged alongside the obstruction with bullets raining on her plating. It was too dark to see from the bridge what actually happened, but the gun's crew on the fo'c'sle saw Cookson, axe in hand, leaning over the "Comet's" side. Then he climbed on to the maheilah itself and got busy with his axe till, riddled with bullets, he dropped into the river. He was dragged aboard his ship and died within ten minutes. The little "Comet," with twelve of her men wounded, had to retire. This, in brief, is typical of these fifteen sketches of amphibious warfare in Mesopotamia, where conduct like Cookson's was a daily habit. Casualties were high and would have been higher but for the fortunate Arab theory that if a ship were hit on the funnel it was wounded in its most vital organ.

* * *

"Letters and Drawings of Enzo Valentini, Conte di Laviano." Translated by FERNANDO BELLACHIONA. (Constable. 5s.)

"Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger." (Constable.)

In these books may be contrasted the effect of the war on two young artists. In the one we have the Italian temperament expressing its exuberance without reticence; in the other there is the reserve of the modern Englishman or American in disclosing the secrets of the soul. Both were impressed with the war as a spectacle, but in Alan Seeger there is a sense of the tragedy of conflict which is absent in the Italian. Enzo Valentini, who had been devoted to the study of art and natural history, volunteered for the war when under the conscription age. In his letters to his mother, whose mind he was tenderly concerned to relieve of anxiety on his account, assuring her constantly of his prudence, there is little of the action of war, but there is much glowing rhetoric of the awful beauty of glaciers, and the majestic aloofness of mountains which tolerate both Italians and Austrians. He is lyrical and rapturous about birds and flower-covered fields, and when he does describe a bombardment he is chiefly interested in the color effects of the shells as they burst. When he is not telling his mother of the play of light and shadow on the Alps, he is writing to her of patriotism and his "joy and pleasure" at being in the war. An English boy would be shy of such heights.

Alan Seeger, the American who joined the French Army at the outbreak of the war, since his death has become known to the world as a poet. His diary and the letters to his mother will be welcomed by all who admire good writing and sincere feeling. He thought the war would end by the summer of 1915, and frequently he told his mother to expect him then, when his strange experiences would have taught him the sweetness and worth of the common things of life. "The world will be more beautiful to me in consequence." Later he could see no end to the war but one which might come from influences other than military. But even a German victory he would accept with more or less of equanimity: the important thing was he had fought on the side where his sympathies lay. He was chivalrous towards the enemy, saying that hymns of hate, rancour, and vindictiveness were "the expressions of non-combatants whose venom has time to accrue in the quiet of studies far from the noise of the cannon." He wished it to be understood that he did not take arms out of any hatred against Germany and the Germans, but purely out of love for France.

The Week in the City.

THE financial situation remains unsatisfactory. Mr. Bonar Law has told us that he is adding 40 millions a week to the war debt, towards which last week National War Bonds only contributed 13 millions. Money is still cheap and plentiful. It has varied usually from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and the discount rate for three months' bills is $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Stock Exchange prices have been pretty well maintained. Consols are above 56, and India stocks have been quite a feature. So have Chinese Bonds, and Japanese Loans are in more demand. In home railways Great Easterns have been firmer at 35 $\frac{1}{2}$. Swedish and Dutch securities have been strong, owing to the state of the exchanges. The exchange position all round becomes curiouse and curiouse. One hears, for instance, that agents for the German Government are buying British and American £1 notes and dollar notes in Holland in order to pay the farmers of the Ukraine for food. The farmers want boots and clothes, and apparently hope to get them from England and the United States.

According to a recent case reported from Berlin, a 20 mark gold coin is now worth from 55 to 60 marks in German paper-money. If this be so, the fact is remarkable, especially as the value of German currency in Switzerland and Holland has never depreciated more than 50 per cent. In Austria gold pieces are scarcer than in Germany. A twenty krone gold piece there is said to be worth 87 krone in paper-money.

BABCOCK & WILCOX.

Another very successful year is recorded by Babcock & Wilcox, boiler-makers, &c., in their report for the year 1917. Manufacturing profit was slightly lower at £518,700, but net profit was over £6,000 higher at £444,500, almost the highest figure recorded in the history of the Company. The following table summarizes results since 1912:—

| | Net Profits. | Reserve. | Dividend. | Ord'n. Rate. |
|------|--------------|----------|-----------|--------------|
| | £ | £ | £ | % |
| 1912 | 426,100 | 160,000 | 271,600 | 16 |
| 1913 | 446,100 | 160,000 | 276,300 | 16 |
| 1914 | 402,900 | 160,000 | 247,300 | 14 |
| 1915 | 396,600 | 160,000 | 263,900 | 15 |
| 1916 | 438,300 | 160,000 | 264,000 | 15 |
| 1917 | 444,500 | 160,000 | 264,000 | 15 |

For the two last years the dividend of 15 per cent. on the Ordinary shares has been paid free of income-tax. The reserve fund is again credited with £159,000, and £10,000 goes to staff pension fund. After paying 6 per cent. on the Preference shares and 5 per cent. on the Second Preference shares and the 15 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary shares already referred to, there is a balance of £77,100 to be carried, subject to excess profits duty, as compared with £56,500 brought in. The balance-sheet is a strong one, the property item having been steadily written down for several years. Cash stands at £501,000, showing an increase of £108,000, and investments at £1,162,000, or £337,000. Creditors are £371,000 higher at £776,000, while debtors are £36,000 lower at £865,000.

BRITISH COTTON AND WOOL DYERS.

Although the profits earned by the British Cotton and Wool Dyers' Association in the year ended March 31st, 1918, were not quite so good as for the previous twelve months, a satisfactory feature of the report is the great improvement in earnings in the second half of the year, which were a record for any similar period. The decline in the year's profits is partly to be ascribed, moreover, to higher taxation and an increase in the amount set aside for renewals and repairs. Gross profits were £228,000, as compared with £254,000, and the balance available for distribution was £30,000 lower at £185,000. Interest charges were a trifle lower, and the depreciation fund was credited with £25,000, as against £30,000. A sum of £50,000 was placed to reserve, but the ordinary dividend was reduced from 15 to 10 per cent., the rate paid two years ago, with £46,000 to be carried forward. The balance-sheet shows liquid assets, excluding stock-in-trade, of £671,000, as against trade and loan creditors' claims for £208,000.

LUCCELLUM.

